

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Committees and public meetings are discussing three or four very important questions: how to advertise Toronto, how to attract manufactures, how to perfect the water supply and settle the matter of the sewage. It seems to me the conclusions arrived at are altogether too trivial to be considered. The tendency in each direction named has been to select some cheap and ephemeral method. At the risk of being considered "a little touched in the head" on this matter, I shall suggest one way by which all of these things can be accomplished. The canal scheme is obviously absurd; it has no merit that has really been considered except the water and power supply feature. If we wait for a gravitation scheme until it is accompanied by a canal, we will look down or up from a different sphere before our hopes are realized. If, however, Toronto would engage in the corporate enterprise of building a water and power conduit from Lake Simcoe, or sell or give the privilege to some company, it would advertise the city the world over as the most enterprising place in America. Every newspaper would contain descriptions and illustrations of the scheme, inasmuch as the majority of cities would find some source from which some similar supply could be obtained and advocates would be found for the schemes. To make the world ring with the name of Toronto, nothing more need be attempted than this simple and profitable enterprise. If as a corporation the city does not desire to undertake so large an enterprise, I have again been assured that capital will almost volunteer in England to build it, all waterworks schemes and the bonds thereof having always proven so profitable. It would attract manufactures, because power would be cheap. The present waterworks conduit pipe could be used for the discharge of the sewage; the waste water would create a current in the Don and complete that improvement; the freezing of Simcoe water in the ice-houses of Toronto would settle the ice question; the electric lights and the electric power for the trolleys would all be provided. It can all be done without disposing of a single franchise within the city. The millions of capital required can be obtained; the unemployed would find a place to work, and nearly all the pressing municipal questions would be settled if such a policy were adopted. I know Mayor Kennedy is large-minded enough to see the force of this, and if the Council will only drop their penny-ante proposals and in one large scheme—the burden of which the city need not assume—devote themselves to the carrying through of this great and necessary work, no pamphlets will be needed to advertise Toronto; no poor need clamor for work; no filthy water need be imbibed by the citizens, and no meetings need be held to proclaim Toronto's merits in Toronto papers to readers who all believe that Toronto is great.

I am sorry that the rumor has not been confirmed that Mr. Huddart has been definitely awarded the subsidy of three-quarters of a million dollars a year to establish a twenty-knots-an-hour steamship service from Canada to England. Such a service is absolutely necessary to our prosperity. I came across the ocean last week and there were five Canadian passengers on the ship; another one had twenty-five, and in the half-dozen others that arrived I feel quite sure that there were at least fifty or sixty cabin passengers for Canada arriving in New York within three or four days. This money ought to be spent on Canadian ships, and would be, had we a decent service. The money paid for ocean freights arriving in Toronto via New York from the Old Country during a year cannot be less than half a million dollars. American railroads get their fees out of this; ships arriving in New York and contributing nothing to our advancement get the advantage. Canada can well afford to pay a liberal subsidy for a proper service.

Who in crossing the ocean has not stood in the companionway watching the charts and the figures put up of the day's run, and wondered why great ships that cross the ocean should steer almost directly for the mouth of the St. Lawrence and then sweep away down to New York? Canada has no worse advertisement than the fact that steamers go so far away from the nearest point of land in order to land their passengers. No one needs to stand there and declare that Canada is a frozen and unattractive country; the very fact that the great passenger ships refuse to approach the coast creates the impression that it is a barren and inhospitable region. If a question be asked if there are any ships that land on our shores, at once somebody speaks up and says that they are small and dirty and slow. Of course this is not true of them all, though unfortunately it is true of some, and the great mass of people who are continually crossing the ocean are prejudiced against Canada days before they reach *terra firma*. They presume when they land at New York they are reaching the port farthest north in the habitable region. For a century we have been getting the worst of it in this respect and we cannot too quickly separate ourselves from the small-minded policy of subsidizing ill-arranged ocean tubs and begin to pay a decent bonus to a decent line. It was rumored that a subsidy of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year was likely to be paid to a line of vessels affording a sixteen-knot service. This would be useless. Sixteen knots is quite slow to-day and will be very slow a year from now. I heard also that for seventy-five thousand dollars a year a French freight line would be established. If such a line is

offered, seventy-five thousand dollars would be a very reasonable price for the service and advertisement that we would gain.

Talking about advertisements, I think in advertising a great many firms as well as corporations waste a large amount of money. Big concerns sometimes advertise in a playmate way. They have heard the rumor that printers' ink pays and that live concerns all advertise. In order to quiet their fears lest they are not go-ahead and enterprising and aggressive, they put a lot of small advertisements in small journals, while they absolutely and peremptorily refuse to spend their money in the large way which their position and facilities demand. They would rather spend twenty-five dollars in twenty-five different fakes with no circulation, no influence, than spend five hundred dollars in one good decent advertisement that would have some effect on their trade. So with countries and corporations, instead of buying the proper advertisement and spending money liberally in a practical way they fritter it away in trifles. What Canada needs to-day is to have fast Atlantic steamers, as it has a fast land and Pacific service, and thus advertise itself in the largest way. Provide a fast Atlantic service and it will advertise the country as it has never been advertised. If an emigrant wants to get here it is his belief, the belief of the peasantry of Europe, that he will have to come in some miserable, dirty cattle ship, consequently they do not come. We can afford to pay for good emigrants who will settle on the soil, but we will never get them till we have a means of convincing them that

newspapers be a sign of the public impulse, what Toronto desires in the matter of civic economy is something which will not affect the salary or intensify the labor of anybody who has donated his life and labor to the getting of money out of the public pocket.

If these newspapers correctly represent public opinion, we must not reduce salaries because of the hardship that will be suffered by the man whose salary is reduced. Yet the taxpayer has had his earnings reduced and in order to reduce his expenditure must cut down the pay of his public servants. It was said, let the useless officials be discharged. If the newspapers have been aware that there are useless officials why have they not named them and demanded their dismissal? Now that dismissals are proposed, are not extraordinary merits discoverable in those who are likely to be discharged, and is not the clamor just as great against any change in the personnel of the staff as against the cut in salaries?

It seems to me that nothing has been so clearly demonstrated for many years in civic matters as has been made plain by the attacks upon "Thompson, Sheppard & Co." that the Toronto newspapers do not desire economy except that nebulous and frothy sort which exists only in words. That Ald. Sheppard, Thompson, and the other members of the Council who have supported them have gone straight to the center of the whole trouble and demanded a reduction of salaries, is significant that they intend to reduce the taxes. That nothing has been proposed except in an indefinite and inconsistent way by the newspapers,

be glad to publish them for almost nothing. Let "Thompson, Sheppard & Co." take note of this fact, and if the general cutting down of salaries and the dismissal of useless employees is not the proper method, probably the newspapers will see the propriety of the means I suggest.

I notice that the *Mail* is very much hurt because the newspapers outside of Toronto are engaging themselves in describing the distress existing amongst the unemployed in our midst. Yet the *News*, which is generally accepted as a part of the same enterprise, is giving away bread and beef-bones, showprow mantles and misfit gloves, antediluvian hats and bug-eaten caps by ticket on Yonge street, gathering together on one of our principal thoroughfares an enormous crowd not only of the really destitute, but of those people who are willing to get anything that can be had for nothing, and then adjourning them to another principal street where they present their tickets and get their unsalable articles as charity, thus twice over arranging a demonstration in sight of the whole country that Toronto is overrun by a famished horde of starving citizens. It is the most scandalous use of a public affliction to parade a paltry charity and create a cheap sensation that has ever been exhibited in any city in Canada, and is merely a copy of what is being done by sensational papers in the United States, where people are really starving by the thousands. In order to demonstrate that a newspaper is bubbling over with zeal for the workingman, it parades the woes of the unfortunates to the thousands of passers-by, who cluster in groups to gaze at women and men getting

bered by the thousands have been doing their best to alleviate such phases of suffering as they could discover. Those who are made a public exhibition of are being degraded, pauperized, and taught to believe that mendicancy is proper and praiseworthy if done in crowds of hundreds instead of individually.

It is all wrong. I have advocated for years that the Government should always have in progress such useful works as the unemployed could be sent to and their families saved from want. The newspapers which are now parading Toronto's unemployed as being unusually numerous, have always fought any such idea; their motto has been to wait until crowds threaten the City Hall or the Parliament Buildings before arranging a programme to provide work for the necessitous without pauperizing them and scandalizing the city and country. Now all sorts of ephemeral and wasteful schemes are being proposed for the unemployed. As the Master said, "Ye have the poor always with you," and for them we should always make preparation, not by giving them snow-shovels to hunt for something to shovel, but in permanent and proper work. I hardly agreed with "Mack" last week when he criticized the leader of the unemployed for saying that he did not want "fake employment." I believe with the poor that they should not be humiliated by receiving disguised charity. Let the employment be productive and proper in order that each man's self-respect may be maintained when he engages in it. It is no friend of the workingman, no friend of the poor who counsels the seizure of public money under pretext of wanting work; it is no friend of the poor man who provides fake employment. It is the duty of every citizen to compel the Government to arrange for such profitable and productive employment as will prevent demagogic newspapers and cheap John advertisers from utilizing the poverty of the few to impress the general country with the idea that all are poverty-stricken and famishing in Toronto or in any other portion of the Dominion.

On Sunday I heard a clergyman preach on this subject. He alleged that the greatest factor in producing this distress amongst the unemployed was drunkenness. His sermon seemed largely an apology for the ill-considered remarks of the clergymen who gathered together last week and said some things they were sorry for afterwards. Drunkenness is more often the effect than the cause. A man who is hard up, starving and hopeless sometimes gets drunk on five cents' worth of whisky and forgets his misery for four or five hours, nor should we be surprised. That a vast amount is spent in drink which would be much better saved, I admit; that millions of dollars are spent every year in tea which does nobody any good, is also true. If this money were saved it would tide any nation over a period of depression. In the fashionable church where the clergyman I refer to was preaching, there were enough feathers in the bonnets of the ladies present to feed the whole of Toronto for a week. There were silks and expensive clothes there, the cost of which would afford a plain woolen garment to every ratter demalion in the city. There were costly shoes, and silk hose I have no doubt, and embroidered underwear and jewelry enough to have provided house-room and warmth for those who were cold or unsheltered. Why was indulgence in these things not reckoned as amongst the improvident phases which produce poverty and distress? Yet if all these things were banished and we were to return to the simple habits of our ancestors and nothing more gay than poke bonnets, and linen neckerchiefs, and gingham gowns were to be worn, millions of artisans would be thrown out of employment and they could not even make enough money to provide themselves with a decent outfit of sackcloth and ashes. It makes me feel regretful to hear these superficial sermons, even if they are couched in eloquent terms, for the great evil lies behind these things and will not be cured until it is boldly grasped.

He told us, too, that a love of idleness was another important phase in producing poverty, but he did not inform us that it is also a most important factor in producing wealth. Why do ninety-nine out of a hundred work hard? Is it not in order to make money enough that by and by they will not have to work at all? It is easy to jeer at the tramp, but he is the logical counterpart of the miser, the sweeter, the commercial and legalized vulture. The latter spends his days and nights in planning how to get money enough to obviate the necessity of working any more. The tramp, despairing of being able to acquire a competency and thus obtain luxurious and legitimate idleness, decides that he will not try for it but will take his unluxurious idleness by the way. I am in considerable doubt which is the greater nuisance to society, the greater enemy of peace and propriety. It is useless for our clerical friends to touch these things unless they search right into the heart of the whole trouble. Dare they not tear that heart out and show it to their congregations, lest nine out of the ten ulcers on the poor miserable core of the thing are found to be selfishness, the disregard of others, things so unchristian that it would be shocking to show them to Christians? Surely these things are not so general amongst those who are considered as such that they would be offensive! With him I heartily agreed, however, that the churches have been and are the largest means of the best and most generous charity in distributing such



THE NEGLECTED LESSON.

this country is nearer Europe than the United States, is a better country after they get to it, and has a climate that is not Siberian.

This is but an echo of my argument in favor of Toronto advertising itself by an enterprise that will be so overwhelmingly progressive and utilitarian that the attention of the world will be excited. Advertisements nowadays must be of a more or less startling or attractive sort. Just as we have left the period when a poster announcing a "cash sale" or a "great reduction in prices" has passed away, so has advertising in magazines and pictorial announcements become *effete*. What advertises a country or a city is what it is doing and the means of getting there, and the treatment people will receive after they arrive. Men do not achieve great successes by using printed advertisements or those in newspapers alone, but by doing the great things which attract general attention.

During an absence of nearly two months from the city I have been reading in the daily papers accounts of how the new element in the City Council have been making apparently sincere and vigorous efforts to reduce the tax rates, and I confess it was a matter of surprise that almost without exception the daily journals denounced the method adopted either as ignorant, improper, demagogic or destructive of good government. The public must have wondered why the newspapers should take such a frantic interest in the salaries of civic employees, but I suppose the "dear reader" was aware that for several years past we have had a newspaper government with a few reporters as cabinet ministers, who in turn were served by city employees whose tribute to the reporter was probably some sort of a backdoor communication of such details and gossip as enabled the scribe to maintain his dominant position. When the cutting down of the salaries was threatened and finally accomplished, the civic employee of course expected protection, and his newspaper partner proceeded at once to take his part. If the

demonstrates that they do not desire to reduce the taxes so long as any friend of a friend's friend is likely to suffer. The daily newspapers of this city, owing to undue competition perhaps, are run to suit the people who give them advertisements, information or influence. The incomes of all private citizens have been reduced by hard times; clerks, artisans, laborers have been discharged by the hundred in order to reduce expenses; salaries have been cut down—temporarily it is to be hoped, but cut down—yet the newspapers make a scandal because the servants of the city must also trim their sails to suit the declining breeze. I hope that the aldermen who have started in on the praise-worthy, the most difficult and painful task of cutting down expenses, will not be discouraged by the rubbish and superior air of wisdom assumed by their journalistic critics.

I would respectfully suggest to the much maligned "Thompson, Sheppard & Co." that the newspapers of this city are receiving money from the city which they do not earn. City advertisements appear in the columns of these papers at prices much in excess of those charged to private persons or corporations at liberty to make a bargain without fear of being abused. Why should not one newspaper of this city be made the advertising medium of the city government? By rotation the newspapers are given advertisements of contracts, civic improvements, etc. One does not know where to look to find these advertisements; they are given not according to circulation or public advantage, but as a matter of quieting pap at prices from three to five times greater than are charged to sweat factories and shoddy shops. If the publishing of civic advertisements be put up to tender, daily newspapers in this city will be in hot competition to get the job at from two to five cents a line. Now they are being paid fifteen cents a line. If one paper had them all, those having business or expecting to have business with the city would know which paper to take, and owing to the advantage thus gained a newspaper would

more clothes torn in their effort to obtain a donation than the piece of beef will be worth or a week's board would pay for. Every spectator is sized up by the passers-by as a mendicant, and the whole crowd and the tumult and the tin trumpet parade of the whole thing is enough to anger not only the alleged beneficiaries of the "charity," but all those who have the city's interests sincerely at heart.

"Do not your aims before men to be seen of them" was commanded us by One whose wisdom cannot be gainsaid; yet two of the principal streets in Toronto are blockaded in order to make an advertisement for a newspaper that not a year and a half ago locked out its employees rather than pay them the wages they were afterwards forced to pay. Sweat-shops that are alleged to have in their employment little girls and clerks that do not make much more than from a dollar and a half to five dollars a week, can well afford to pile bundles of faded goods into the warehouse of this journalistic pharisee for an advertisement, and Toronto is belittled and berated from one end of the Dominion to the other as a result. Why do not the butchers distribute their meat to the poor and the hatters give their hats to those who need them? Or if they are too busy, why not send the donations to charitable organizations and churches for distribution? Why should the whole thing be aggregated in order to scandalize the city?

If any good were being accomplished, one might find an excuse. Those really suffering are not likely to be twice made an exhibition of on the public streets. The really deserving poor are those who shrink in the back alleys and shiver in their unwarmed homes. It is only the brazen or the absolutely famished who can be induced to take part in any such exhibitions as have become too common in our streets. That the actually famishing exist in large numbers in Toronto, I cannot believe. Charitable societies, city refuges, churches and private persons num-

food and clothing to the needy as are required in times like these.

Before dropping away from the subject of our clerical friends, I notice that our spiritual advisers of the Methodist persuasion are haunting the corridors of the Local Legislature in order to prevent an act being passed abolishing church exemptions. Now what kind of a spectacle is this? They use their pulpits as a place in which to influence their congregations to vote this way and that way, and yet they are not willing to pay taxes on the forum in which they promulgate their views. Here in Toronto we have given up trying to have something more cosmopolitan and businesslike than a Methodist preacher as mayor of the city, and it having been demonstrated that they run the town I think it a piece of very bad taste for them to refuse to pay their share of the taxes. If they are to have the political say in this city, let them pay taxes on the place where they hold their caucuses. Of course people will call me an atheist when I express myself thus bluntly, and every so often I have to declare that I am not. I believe in God and the glorious mission of His Son, and in the resurrection and the future life, and can subscribe conscientiously to any ordinary Confession of Faith that has no Calvinism in it, but I cannot accept any politico-religious combination of municipal dish-water and emotional cayenne pepper. Let the preachers feel that where they preach is being paid for, that the pulpits they fill does not stand on exempted ground, that they are paying their taxes like men. If they are not willing to pay up, let them keep quiet. They must know that they are losing the respect of those who have any masculinity when they want to do all the talking and refuse to do any of the paying.

I notice that the newspapers are sneering tremendously at anarchy and anarchists. The most astounding thing that I observed in my recent visit to the Old Country was the extraordinary growth of anarchy. The poor misguided creatures who blow themselves and other people to pieces or are executed, it is true have no friends to follow them to the tomb. Those who believe in death and destruction as a regenerating influence know better than to parade their personalities under the eyes of the police, nevertheless some of the brightest writers in England, men who are making thousands every year, are quiet but avowed anarchists. I met some of these writers, and they were not ashamed to declare that anarchy is the only means of reducing the world to a new starting-point. I disagree with them absolutely, yet restrictionists, demagogues and sensationalists are every day preparing the world for a grand condition of disbelief and a willingness to revert to chaos rather than continue the insincere and superficial condition of things which appears to the orthodox to be the only condition of things which can exist. I seldom offer anything in self defence, though I admit that I am frequently bitter and apparently ungenerous in what I write, yet if I were to offer a defence it would be that the man who fights day by day against those people who are continually trying to varnish and veneer the rotten things of life, are doing better service than those who blind their eyes and try to deceive themselves and the world as to what are the real reasons of our unrest. Those who produce revolutions are not those who agitate for reforms, but those who are continually declaring that there is no necessity of reform, that the world is as happy and prosperous as it can be made, and that those who decline to accept present conditions are villains, conspirators, atheists and outcasts. It has always been thus—and perhaps always will be—and there is no surer sign of it than that the majority of preachers who are continually prodding us along, refusing us the liberties that we have a right to demand, and condemning us because we will not accept of that which they propose we must believe, refuse to pay their church taxes and array their powerful legions to destroy those who ask for this act of justice.

Social and Personal.

The ladies' day at the Athletic Club on Thursday brought together a large and representative throng of what is best in Toronto society. Some very interesting affairs were in progress at the time of going to press, of which a full account will be given next week. Five o'clock tea was served to some five hundred ladies, and all the appointments were most recherche and attractive.

Mrs. G. Tate Blackstock left on Monday for a short visit to Woodstock, in company with Mrs. T. C. Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra went last week to New York to meet their son, Mr. Victor Cawthra, who has been for some time absent in England. I was glad to hear that a rumor of Mr. Victor Cawthra being indisposed was without foundation.

Mrs. George Tate Blackstock gave a charmingly arranged dinner to a party of gentlemen at Cedarhurst on Saturday evening. The motif of decorations was pink and was extremely effective.

Miss Stella Morton's euchre party on Friday of last week was a most successful affair. Ten tables were arranged, and after the game was over a dance was indulged in by the many young people present. Miss Morton, who is one of the most amiable and attractive of the season's debutantes, made the comfort and happiness of her guests her only consideration, and everyone admired her unselfish and tactful solicitude on their behalf.

A pleasant evening party occurred at the residence of Mrs. W. B. Taylor of Spadina avenue on February 23. A scene from The Hunchback was dramatically rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cleworth. Mrs. A. Moir Dow, (nee Minnie H. Bauld), sang charmingly, while Mr. W. H. Hewlett supplied instrumental

music, after which programme, dancing was indulged in. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. Moir Dow, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Ramsay, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cleworth, Mr. and Mrs. Croft, Misses Oldright, McConnell, F. McConnell, Croft, M. Croft, Douglas, Wanless, Truss, Mulkins, Morton, Ellie, McArthur, C. McArthur, Halton, A. Halton, Hammill, Ryan, B. Ryan, and Swift; Messrs. Arthur McMaster, Truss, Dr. Maybury, Oldright, George Boulter, Trevor, Horrocks, P. Beasley, Nicol, Smith, Ralph Cooper and Dr. H. H. Oldright.

An engagement which has been whispered to me interests principally a popular Bloor street east young lady and the son of a well known medical man.

One of the all-the-year-round entertainments which never fails is the morning at the Turkish baths. There meadomes and made-moiselles, divested of their war paint and feathers, and rendered apt for mischief by unwonted freedom, exchange complimentary (or the reverse) remarks on each other's appearance, which are received with merry good nature, and while steaming and soaking put their half-cooked brains to work to dress up the ordinary badinage of society in more piquant garb. "Oh, I heard it at the Baths," is an assurance that the story is of the smartest and most novel flavor, for, of course, only the cleverest people can tell tales of interest with the thermometer at 140.

Mrs. Grey gave a tea on Thursday, and was charmingly assisted by Miss Ethel Grey.

Miss Lillie Gooderham gave a tea on Friday of last week.

Theater parties were not numerous at the Grand last week, and matinee audiences were mostly composed of small folks, who much admired the horses and their clever instructor. Master Briffley O'Reilly had a birthday theater party on Saturday, which was most enthusiastic. Society went, however, mainly to the Academy, where a clever comedy and burlesque held the boards. On Friday, the usually popular theater evening, quite a number of smart people were present. The Government House box was occupied by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and party. Mrs. and Miss Thorburn were in another box. Mrs. J. E. Thompson with a couple of young ladies occupied a third, and in the stalls were a large number of handsome and smartly gowned women and their escorts. A very funny play, terminating with a fine imitation of Carmenita in full Spanish costume by Mr. Hackett, who makes a very dashing girl, amused the people immensely.

Dr. Patton has removed from 19 Avenue road to 182 Bloor street east. Mrs. Patton will receive her friends as usual the first and second Fridays of each month.

One of the cutest of little Eastern novelties is the painting of a Madonna face on eggshell, surrounded by white paper hood, the effect being very chaste and pretty. These are being placed on sale in the novelty stores for the benefit of a Sunday School Mission.

The gentlemen of Cobourg have decided to hold their annual ball on Easter Monday evening, March 26. A full orchestra has been secured, and everything is being done to make this ball an even greater success than those in previous years.

A very beautiful dinner was given on Tuesday evening by a prominent host and hostess on the East Side, at which the unique table appointments were much admired by a large party of guests.

Mrs. Gibson gave a tea on Friday afternoon of last week, at which it goes without saying a large number of smart people turned up. Mrs. Gibson was ably assisted by Mrs. Cecil Gibson.

Miss Beatrice Sullivan is visiting friends in town.

Very few teas have been given at University this season. There is nothing one appreciates more than a bid to a college tea, and the guests of Mr. Jack Gilmore and Mr. Hughes were a very enthusiastic coterie one day lately. Mr. Hardy also gave a tea some time ago.

The Old Grammar School (Jarvis street Collegiate Institute) will give an At Home in the William Gooderham Hall, McGill street, on Saturday evening, March 17. The programme, which is to be contributed entirely by ex-pupils and pupils of the school, contains among other distinguished names those of Miss Jessie Alexander and Mr. Harold Jarvis. This, the first re-union of the ex-pupils and pupils of the oldest school in the city, promises to be one of the most successful events of the season. Those wishing to obtain tickets, which may be had from the pupils, are requested to do so at once, as the demand is exceptionally large.

Pine Villa, the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. McPherson, Orillia, was the scene of quite a brilliant assembly on Tuesday evening last, when Miss McPherson entertained a few of her friends. The spacious drawing-rooms were prettily decorated with hyacinths, lilies, etc., while several cosy nooks were to be found in the adjoining halls by those who preferred the pleasures of a *te de te* to the delights of the dance. Mrs. McPherson received in a pearl satin gown with trimmings of steel passementerie. Miss McPherson looked charming in a gown of pink satin. Among those present were: Mrs. Gilchrist, Miss Tait, Miss Bartie Tait, Miss McLean, Miss Nina McLean, Miss Dean, Miss Burth Begg, Miss Nora Begg, Miss Wesley, Dr. Gilchrist, Messrs. Tudhope, Caras, Rapley, Slaven, Wade, Dr. Thompson and Dr. A. Ardagh.

The Misses Duggan of Maitland street gave a delightfully informal violet tea on Tuesday afternoon in honor of their sister, Mrs. G. Clinton Hewitt of Orchard Park, N.Y.

It is rumored that Miss Souter of St. Joseph street is about to take her departure for Jamaica to be married to the Rev. Allen P. Kennedy. The happy event is to take place in Kingston at the end of this month. She

will be missed by her numerous friends in Toronto.

Mr. Harry English is, his friends will be sorry to hear, confined to his residence, 112 Maitland street, with nervous prostration.

A Little People's Bazaar for the benefit of the Children's Aid Society is being held to-day at the residence of Mrs. Russell Snow, 286 Sherbourne street, from two to ten o'clock p.m. It is a capital idea and the little ones should be encouraged. The following children have charge of the various departments: Tea table, Mamie Nevitt and Gwendolyn Francis; fancy work, Adena Nevitt and Ben Francis; wick and choose, Lena Fulton and Irene Britton; flower-table, Marjorie Murray and Dot Rose; home-made candy, Edith Reeve; ice cream, Laurie Rolph; home-made cake, Lula Grant-ham; fancy work, Frances Harman; dolls, Kathleen Snow and Grace Reeve; lemonade, Hazel Chapman.

A young people's Small and Early was given by Miss Edythe Hoskin last Monday evening. A very amusing little farce was given by the following: Misses Young, Hoskin, Sparling, and Messrs. Sparling and Young. Dancing and games were indulged in till the small hours, when the young folks departed, having thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Amongst those who were present I noticed: The Misses Price, the Misses Kallinger, Carey, Young, Smith, Sparling, Madge MacGregor, Shuttleworth and Hancock, and Messrs. Short, Withrow, Byrne, Campbell, Sherrin, Giles, Wade, Carlyle, Smith, Young, Sparling, Snider, Ziller, Cork and others.

Mrs. Chadwick of Rusholm road gave a pleasant little evening one day this week.

Mrs. Andrew Thompson of Cayuga is staying with her mother on College avenue, while her father, Dr. Burns, is visiting in the South.

The Bishop of Algoma is visiting Mr. A. H. Campbell of Queen's Park. His health is not of the best.

The Trinity Banjo Club will give an entertainment in Port Hope after Easter.

The Young People's Association of St. Luke's church also intend giving an entertainment after Easter.

Mr. Grant Helliwell gave an able lecture on the Architectural Styles of the Day at the School of Science on Thursday night. The lecture was illustrated by electric light magic lantern views managed by Mr. C. H. C. Wright.

Mrs. James Smith of Rosedale is visiting Mrs. Allan of The Hill, Cobourg.

Miss Wallace is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Riddan, Queen's park, previous to sailing for England.

The Bishop of Qu'Appelle has been delivering a course of eloquent Lenten sermons on Tuesday afternoons at St. Luke's church.

Miss McCollum of Bathurst street is visiting her cousin in Peterborough.

Mrs. (Judge) Osler is visiting her daughter in Philadelphia.

Mr. Franschaw Mortill of Sherbrooke, Que., is taking a course at the Fort.

Despite the inclement weather on Tuesday evening a goodly number attended the annual At Home given by the choir of Berkeley street Methodist church. A very interesting programme of vocal and instrumental selections was efficiently rendered under the direction of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, who has been leader of the choir for the past eleven years. During an appropriate interval a *recherche* supper was partaken of; and the pleasures of the evening were enhanced by the delivery of several short but interesting speeches, in the course of which the church trustees and musical committee thanked the choir for entertaining them so hospitably each year, thus reversing the usual relation of trustees and choir members.

An interesting musical programme is announced for Victoria on Friday, March 16. Miss Gurney, Miss MacCallum and Miss Blanche Wellington, and Messrs. Ecclestone and Sturrock, Herr Klingensfeld and the College Glee Club are enough to warrant an evening of more than ordinary pleasure, a pleasure that will be enhanced for those attending by the knowledge that they contribute to so worthy a cause as the Library Fund.

Mrs. J. S. Burton of 18 Major street entertained a number of her friends on Friday evening of last week to a progressive euchre and dancing party. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Dr. and Mrs. Husband, Mr. and Mrs. Lane, Misses Bain, Collins, Pauline Collins, Woods, Kyle, Mattheson, Chatterton, Wright, Lottie and Minnie Kyle, and Messrs. H. Bastedo, J. Madill, W. Foster, Hall, Green, J. Dubois, J. Firth, F. Charles, A. Mitchell, A. Shaver, F. Camall, and R. Chambers. Mr. Charles carried off first prize, and Miss Sophia Woods won the honors for the ladies, and Mr. Hall and Miss Lottie Kyle got the boobies. After supper dancing and music were indulged in until a late hour.

Mrs. Brouse, Jr., of St. George street has been giving a number of small teas, one occurring this afternoon in honor, I believe, of Miss Jones of Brockville, at present the guest of Mrs. Brouse.

There will be no meeting of Les Hiboux this week.

The annual At Home of Alpha Lodge, A. F. and A. M., will take place in the Masonic Hall, Parkdale, on the evening of Tuesday, March 27. It is regretted by many that this and the Grenadiers' third Assembly should fall upon the same night.

Mr. John A. McIntosh, a prominent young Liberal politician and member of the law firm of Club, McIntosh and McCrimmon, was married to Miss Margaret Scott, daughter of Mrs. Scott, College street, on Wednesday at St. Andrew's church. It was a very pretty wedding. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell performed the ceremony, and Mr. Herbert D. Smith, barrister

of Ridgetown, acted as groomsmen, while Miss Pattullo, daughter of Dr. Pattullo, gracefully filled the post of bridesmaid. A reception took place after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's mother, which proved a most pleasant affair, all considering the union a most auspicious one. Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh left the city on an extended trip to New York, Boston and eastern cities.

The Parkdale Cricketers will have a concert and burlesque in St. Andrew's Hall on Thursday evening, March 29, with, perhaps, something of a social nature to follow the public event. But this, I believe, is not fully determined upon as yet.

Another of those military dinners so enjoyable to the men folks occurred at Webb's on Wednesday night. It was the annual dinner of "H" company, 48th Highlanders. All sorts of handsome uniforms lit up the scene, there being present, as well as the killed hosts, representatives of the Queen's Own Rifles, the Dragoons, the R. R. C. I., and the Royal Grenadiers. Messrs. Carmichael, McConnell and Casack composed an orchestra and gave a number of musical selections, while Messrs. Alexander and Galt sang a number of gallant songs.

I am glad to reproduce the following from the *Globe*: It will be gratifying to all interested in Canadian art to learn that during the recent visit of Henry Irving to this city a painting by Mr. E. Seaton McCully came under the great actor's notice. His secretary, Mr. Stoker, who is an artist, immediately purchased it, and has given an order for a life-size portrait of Mr. Irving, with other commissions in view. The great actor regards the work as a most powerful performance of light and shade, and pronounced it a "spontaneous accident." The fact that connoisseurs so conversant with the best of art of all countries should make this selection is highly gratifying and speaks volumes for this young artist and Canadian art.

April 12 has been chosen as the date for the annual At Home and dramatic entertainment of the Victoria Dramatic Club in Dovercourt Hall.

A pleased audience and a large one heard the closing Y.M.C.A. concert given by the Lotus Glee Club on Friday evening of last week.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has undergone a new experience, for he has ridden the I. O. F. goat. On Monday the following gentlemen assembled at Government House and initiated His Honor into the mysteries of Forestry, Dr. Oronhyatekha administering the obligation: Mr. John A. McGillivray, S.S.; Dr. Millman, S.P.; Rev. Alex. McGillivray, H.C.R.; Dr. McConnell, Mr. H. A. Collins, Dr. Rose, Mr. D. E. Cameron, Mr. W. T. R. Preston, Mr. Jos. Tait, M.P.P., Mr. C. C. Whale, Mr. Daniel Rose, Mr. D. A. Rose, Mr. W. Hetherington, Mr. A. McCall, Mr. K. Murdoch, Mr. C. C. Baird of Hamilton and Postmaster Hill of Brockton.

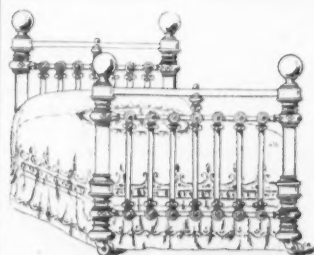
Speaker Ballantyne entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening. These were the invited guests: Hon. R. Harcourt, Mr. Aubrey White, Mr. Robert Christie, Dr. Chamberlain, Mr. J. R. Cartwright, Mr. A. Blue, Mr. Kivas Tully, Mr. C. C. James, Major Delamere, and the following members of the Legislature: Messrs. E. J. Davis, A. Robillard, A. Evanture, P. D. McCallum, A. Bishop, J. R. Stratton, John Walters, W. M. Dack, W. Mack, J. Sharpe, C. Carpenter, Dr. Ryerson, W. McCleary, Dr. Meacham, W. P. Hudson, T. Magwood, O. Bush, D. McNaughton, H. Barr, W. A. Charlton, G. McKechnie, J. M. Clark, J. Rorke, Dr. Barr, J. Reid, E. W. B. Snider, and J. Cleland.

In the Metropolitan church on Wednesday evening an address was given by Miss Guinness, co-worker with Rev. Hudson Taylor in the China Inland Mission. Miss Guinness stopped over in Toronto on her way to China after a vacation, and has been cordially received by the local societies.

Mr. E. Wyly Grier wishes me to announce that the exhibition of his portrait of Mrs. Eber Ward has been postponed until Wednesday, March 14, and that as the task of finishing the picture will make it impossible to issue personal invitations to see it, he hopes that all those who have formerly received cards from him will give him the pleasure of their company at his studio, in the Canada Life Building, between the hours of eleven and six on the above mentioned date.

Superintendent Mathison of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Belleville, was in the city this week.

Brass Bedsteads...



English
French and
Persian

PATTERNS

RICE LEWIS & SON

(LIMITED)

Cor. King & Victoria Sts., Toronto

Wedding Cakes

Of the best quality and finest shipped with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF

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HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Four-button dressed and undressed Kid Gloves with fancy stitchings and welts to match any costume.

Eight-button length Biarritz Glove makes a nice shopping glove and fits beautifully, for 90 cents.

Six and eight-button length undressed Kid Gloves to match any costume.

Chens Gloves our Specialty

R. & G. CORSETS P. D.

MILLINERY and DRESSMAKING

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 KING STREET EAST

White

China

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED in china for decorating we are pleased to notify you that we are now in receipt of a FRESH SHIPMENT.

Pantechnetheca

116 Yonge Street

Cor. Adelaide

N. B.—Our prices are so low that we allow no discounts. Amateurs buy at same figures as professionals.

SILVER

For The Table

Nearly half of this store is filled with the display of new sterling silver and quadruple plate ware. Every conceivable requisite for the table and the toilette is reproduced in a score of different patterns of the most artistic designs, and our present low prices attach an extraordinary interest to the inspection we invite. Our illustrated catalogue, showing many new styles, is sent to any out-of-town address on request.

The J. E. ELLIS Co. Ltd.

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3 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

Incorporated—Capital \$100,000

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Social and Personal.

A discussion about the etiquette of mourning occupied two society women at a recent reception. "I don't know what to do," said one, "about their invitations; if I don't send them cards they may feel slighted, and it does seem foolish to send cards to people who aren't going out." "Better be foolish than hurt their feelings," advised the other lady, and so the cards were sent. It seems to me when mourning keeps people from entering into the giddy whirl, such seclusion should be respected and that the mourners could not possibly feel hurt by not receiving cards for what is going on. However there are all sorts of people, with all sorts of feelings in society, as we know, and among them are those uncomfortable folk who are too sensitive and unreasonable to come under ordinary rules. Ordinary rules, nevertheless, absolve any hostess from the duty of inviting friends who, either from formal respect or from heart bereavement, are wearing mourning.

Mrs. Smart of Jarvis street entertained on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Sherbourne street entertained at dinner on Saturday.

The residence of Mr. Blevins, the city clerk, was a blaze of light on Tuesday evening, the occasion being a most delightful progressive card party given by Miss Jessie Blevins who, in a rich gown of soft green, received her numerous guests in her usual pleasing manner. Much taste was displayed in the selection of prizes offered, the lady's first being a rare tropical plant which was won by Miss Lizzie Price, the gentleman's, a handsome bound volume of Tennyson's poems, carried off by Mr. Alister Bailey. Mr. Fred Stowger and Miss Katie Hughes, ably and successfully after a keen competition winning the other prizes. The supper which was prepared under Miss Blevins' immediate supervision, was followed by dancing. The house was tastefully decorated throughout with palms and flowers, blending nicely with the soft lights and the cosy nooks and corners here and there were well patronized. Those present were: Dr. R. A. and Mrs. Miss Pyne, Dr. A. R. and Mrs. Pyne, Ald. and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lye, Mr. Fred and Miss Stowger, Miss Lumley, Miss MacNamara, Mr. Prior Deacon, Miss Barnett, Miss Tillie Henderson, Mr. Bert and Miss Smith, Miss Kennedy, Capt. and Miss Denroche, Mr. Thomas and the Misses Hughes, Mrs. Wm. and Miss Price, Mr. Oscar Wernborne, Mr. Fred Pyne, Mr. Sydney Solider, Mr. Will Tinning, Mr. Dick Howard, Miss Swait, Mr. Alister Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Hatwell Small, Mr. Strang, Mr. Geo. and Miss Stephenson, Mr. Heron, Mr. Fred Hood, Mr. Norman MacQueen, Mr. Tom Church, and others.

Mrs. Kirchoffer, the wife of Senator Kirchoffer of Brandon, Man., and her little daughter are the guests of Judge and Mrs. McDougall.

The Owl Club held a most delightful evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. Grabel on Wednesday evening, when about thirty couples were present. Dancing was indulged in until the wee sma' hours.

Mrs. Semple of Huron street gave a large ladies' tea on Monday last.

Major and Mrs. Autrobus are guests of Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Wellington place.

Mrs. B. M. Britton and Miss Britton of Kingston were in town last week for a few days, the guests of Miss Kennedy of Beverley street.

Miss Zetta Silver, who has been in the city the past week, is now the guest of Mrs. (Dr.) Sisley of Maple, Ont.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at Sunset Hill, Ottawa, Ont., on Wednesday evening, February 21, at a quarter past seven o'clock, when Miss Jennie Paul, eldest daughter of Mr. Allan Paul, was married to Mr. Joseph D. Radie of Dickenson, Ont. The ceremony took place in the drawing-room, which was beautifully decorated, and was performed by Rev. O. Bennett, B.A. The bride was given away by her father, and looked charming in a dress of cream trimmed with Irish point lace, and carried a bouquet of white roses and smilax. The bridesmaid was prettily gown in pearl gray and carried a bouquet of pink roses and smilax. The groomsmen were Mr. James Radie of Manotick, Ont. While the reception was being held delicious refreshments were served in the dining-room. About forty guests tendered their congratulations to the young couple. The remainder of the evening was spent in a delightful dance. Mr. and Mrs. Radie were the recipients of a great many handsome gifts of every description. After Mr. and Mrs. Radie had received the heartfelt congratulations of their many friends they started amidst a shower of rice and good wishes to their future beautiful home at Dickenson, their friends wishing them all joy and prosperity in their new life.

Society in Newmarket is looking forward to a pleasant season which will begin immediately after Lent. The biggest thing of all will be the Masonic At Home on April 3, for which the lady patronesses are: Mesdames Farncombe, Ross, T. H. Brunton, Roe, Roche, W. A. Brunton, Rogers, Wayling and Robertson. The Bicycle Club, which has had its rooms fitted up with electric light, is talking of giving another At Home, and a fancy dress ball, it is likely, will occur soon after Easter.

Miss Lillian M. Littlehales of Hamilton, who is at present in England, attended a recent At Home given by Mrs. Leach, president of the Yarmouth Ladies' Liberal Association, and was principal contributor to the musical programme. The Norwich Press speaks very highly of Miss Littlehales' performances upon the cello.

The residence of Mr. George Lang of Berlin was the scene of a very brilliant social event on Thursday evening of last week, when a luncheon was given by Mrs. G. Lang in honor of Mrs. (Dr.) Kaiser of Detroit and Mrs. T. C. Milloy of Toronto, to about forty ladies of Berlin, Waterloo and other towns. The following ladies graced the occasion with their presence: Mrs. (Dr.)

Kaiser of Detroit, Mrs. T. C. Milloy of Toronto, Mrs. Bowby, Mrs. (Dr.) Lackner, Mrs. (Dr.) Clemens, Mrs. W. Jaffray, Mrs. L. Breithaupt, Mrs. L. Breithaupt, Jr., Mrs. J. C. Breithaupt, Mrs. Clement, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. Marron, Mrs. T. Forsyth, Mrs. A. Miller, Mrs. B. Clemens, Mrs. A. Lang, Mrs. J. Lang, Mrs. H. Krug, Mrs. H. C. Hilborn, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. W. R. Travers, Mrs. C. Pearson, Mrs. F. Pearson, Mrs. H. Illing, Mrs. H. Brown, Mrs. J. M. Staebler, Mrs. A. Hayward of Brockville, Mrs. J. Skidmore, Mrs. E. Bricker, Mrs. Egan of Winnipeg, Mrs. Heller, Mrs. (Dr.) Reynolds of Chicago, Mrs. Cornell and Mrs. Moffat. The cosy dining-room presented a pretty scene as the fair guests gathered therein to discuss the excellent cuisine. The floral decorations on the table and the festoons about the dining-hall were beautifully and artistically arranged, while above the merry murmur of the diners' voices arose the strains of music supplied by an orchestra of ten pieces. The courses were on from 6.30 to 8.30 p.m., when the ladies adjourned to the parlors and enjoyed a choice programme of music, singing and other amusements until half-past ten, when dessert was brought on and partaken of, after which conveyances were ordered and the ladies departed, after expressing their thanks and congratulations to Mrs. Lang for the very enjoyable evening.

A very interesting lecture was delivered by Prof. Mitchell in Wycliffe College on Friday, February 23rd. The subject was a Five Days' Walk in Greece, or from Patras to Athens. The lecture was beautifully illustrated by Mr. Parker with limelight views, which had been made from photos taken by Prof. Mitchell while on his walk. The lecture was instructive as well as interesting.

The Modern Samaritan.

A correspondent who has been traveling in the Holy Land, writes: "I am free to confess that I did not meet the proverbial good Samaritan as I journeyed through this much favored country. If one meets a tiller of the soil in Samaria he will slide off as far as the narrow path will allow, and scowling watch the traveler's approach. The offer of a plaster will bring him to a standstill. "How far is it to Nain?" "God knows," comes the fervent answer. "How long will it take to go there?" "As long as God pleases," he answers, with a shrug of the shoulders and a pull at his pipe. "Shall I reach there by noon?" "If God permit." "But may I hope to make the distance in an hour?" "As God may direct," he answers, walking away.

"Is Nain distant, or is it very near?" "There," he answers, moving his finger through a wide arc. If one extracts a more neighborly spirit than this from a Samaritan he must have the mysterious power of a derwish.—Texas Siftings.

Mr. Brown—I had a queer dream last night, my dear. I thought I saw another man running off with you. Mrs. Brown—And what did you say to him? Mr. Brown—I asked him what he was running for.—Brooklyn Life.

"TO THE HOOSIER POET":

A greeting to Riley on the publication of his new book, "Poems Here at Home."

MCKENNA, JOHN P., Bookseller, 80 Yonge St.

'Bout once a year Jim Riley writes a book of verse ter sell. An' the folks 'at buys it reads it, and 'ey likes it mighty well; His poems are plain 'nd common, like the folk 'emselves, I guess, With a dreamin' music in 'em 'nd a sorter tenderness 'At creeps into the heart 'nd makes it somehow beat in time With the fancy of the poet 'nd the ripple of his rhyme; So you who like the poetry you c'n read 'nd think about Will be glad to hear 'at Riley's got a new book out.

—From "Life."

Robin's Egg Turquoise

is a very favorite shade of stone just now, and either set alone or in combination with the pearl or diamond makes a handsome ring for ladies' wear—in all that's newest and nicest.

Our Line of Engagement Rings

has never been equalled in Canada. If interested in such matters we invite inspection. All manner of combinations of the Diamond with Emeralds, Rubies, Pearls, Opals, Sapphires, &c., at surprising value.

Ryrie Bros.

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts. Try mail ordering. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

A Difference in Pockets.

One of the ways of telling whether a man is a married man or not is to examine his pockets. In the pocket of a bachelor you will find: Half-a-dozen letters from girls. A tailor's bill. Three or four old checks for theater seats. Bills for supper. Theatrical-looking photograph. A lot of invitations for dances, dinners and receptions. A tiny glove scented with violet. But the married man's pocket will contain: An old bill. A couple of unposted letters which were given to him to post a week past. A sample of an impossible shade which he must match. A newspaper clipping telling a sure cure for croup. A shopping list, ranging from a box of blacking to three yards of lace. Bills. More bills!



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

NEW DRESS TRIMMINGS

IT'S important that the material for your new dress should be selected with taste, but, weighed in the balance, the dress will be found wanting if the selection of the correct thing in trimmings is neglected.

Military braids will again be the fashionable vogue, but the styles are largely new. Braids and jets, intermingled either in regular military or serpentine are pretty. So are the jet braids themselves, and a pretty braid is secured in colored effects.

Our new stocks of trimmings are opened, and it's hardly necessary to remark that everything that's new is with us.

Shopping by mail is no trouble when orders are sent to this house.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Entrance Yonge Street. Streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen Street. New Annex 170 Yonge Street.

Stores Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.



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Preferred by all the Celebrated Artists of the Day.

Sole Agents for Canada—A. & S. Nordheimer, 15 King St. East

"You'll repent if you marry. And you'll repent if you don't."

This is an "old saying," and may or may not be true; however, if there is to be a wedding in March there is no better place for

Wedding Invitations

Engraved or Printed At the shortest notice than

BAIN'S

53 King Street East, Toronto

Samples and quotations on application.

Fire Sale...

In consequence of the recent fire on our premises we have decided to offer a large proportion of our STOCK AT SWEEPING REDUCTIONS.

GREAT BARGAINS

In Ladies' Misses and Children's Boots Shoes and Slippers.

Sale Now Going On.

H. & C. Blackford 83 to 89 King St. East, Toronto

Madame Ireland's Shampooing Parlors

Are Now Open for Ladies and Gentlemen

Baldness a specialty. A luxurious growth of hair guaranteed or money refunded, and my Toilet and Shaving Soap sold everywhere.

Head Office: 3 King Street East, Toronto

Spring Serges

A Specialty

This season's consignment is the largest we have ever received, and affords a great range of make, price and color.

ESTAMENES CHEVIOTS

HOPSACKS DIAGONALS

In Black, Navy, Cardinal, Cream and other colors

—Samples on request.

JOHN CATTO & SON King Street Toronto

Ostrich Plumes Galore

Last week Toronto was visited by a large number of gentle Milliners from all parts of the Dominion. We are always pleased to welcome such visitors, not only because the majority of them belong to the fair sex and are beautiful to look at, but because they are the first to open up the Spring Trade. Ostrich Plumes commence to bloom in the Spring, and we would advise the ladies who want to look right not to leave the Cleaning or Dyeing of their Plumes, Tips, etc., until the last moment, but get them done now. We have all the new colors or shades and styles of curling and making up.

R. PAKRER & CO.

Ostrich Feather Dyers, Cleaners and Curlers

BE SURE

and send your parcel to Parker's, 787 and 299 Yonge Street, 59 King Street West. Telephones 3037, 2143, 1004 and 3640. They will be done right if done at PARKER'S.

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Twelve Greenhouses, 70,000 feet of glass; 20,000 Rose trees in bloom.

Nothing Sold but Absolutely Fresh Cut Flowers

Mail, Express and Telephone orders supplied with flowers from the greenhouse.

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Lilies of the Valley, Hyacinths innumerable, Foliage and Flowering Plants.

JOHN H. DUNLOP

MISS PAYNTER

Is opening daily a splendid assortment of

Spring Millinery

and extends a cordial invitation to all to see her special line for Easter wear.

MISS MILLS

Is prepared to meet her customers with a full line of Select

Novelties in the way of

Dress Materials and

Dress Trimmings

3 King St. East

First Floor. Ascend by Elevator.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING

The ladies of Toronto are invited

to inspect a full assortment of

the very latest novelties in Art-

istic Millinery at our showrooms.

MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG

41 King St. West, Toronto

No. 10 Washington Avenue

Six Doors East of Spadina Avenue

Dressmaking...

MISS M. E. LAKEY, formerly of 80

Gerrard Street East, begs to announce

to her numerous customers that she has

removed her dressmaking establish-

ment to the above address.

Latest English, French and American styles.

Mourning orders promptly attended to.

Evening Dresses and Trouseaux a specialty.

MISS PATON

Is now prepared to offer her friends and patrons artistic,

fashionable Parisian Dinner and Evening Dresses at her

Fashionable Dressmaking Parlors at

R. Walker & Sons, 33 to 43 King St. East

New Shoes

ELEGANT NEW LINES OF

Tan Boots

...and Shoes

New shapes, lovely shades, all the novelties in spring foot-

wear, at 70 King St. East

THE J. D. KING CO., Limited.

NEW GOODS. NEW GOODS

FOR SPRING

AT

W. L. WALLACE'S, 110 Yonge Street

I have received a large consignment of American Boots and Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen in all the latest shades and shapes of last. See the windows when down town. I have also the newest goods in Canadian makes. Boots and shoes cheaper than ever.

Note the address—110 Yonge, between the Star and News.

The Lewis Magnetic Corset

Is Superior to All Others

It is mechanically constructed upon scientific principles, symmetrical in shape and unique in design.

Each section of the corset is so formed as to maintain the vertical lines of the body, and readily conforms to the figure of the wearer.

It is stayed with strips of highly tempered spring steel, which is superior to any other boning material owing to its flexibility, smoothness and durability.

Each steel (or stay) is nickel-plated, highly polished and guaranteed not to corrode, metal tipped to prevent the ends from cutting through the fabric.

The steels (or stays) are increased in separate pieces and can be removed or replaced as pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

See that the name "Lewis Magnetic Corset" is stamped on each pair, without which none are genuine.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THIS

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PERFUMES

Exquisite French odors for Handkerchiefs,

from 50c. to \$1.50. English and American

Perfumes of the best houses. French Veget-

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Powders and Cold Creams of the best known

specialties. Toilet Vinegar, 50c. to \$1.

Colognes, from 50c. to \$1.

Manicure Articles.—We have a large

assorted stock of fine Manicure articles of every descrip-

tion. Manicure Parlor attached to our establishment.

The best manicure treatment in Toronto 75c. each by

ticket, 50c. Ladies waited upon at their own residence.

Special terms. Superbulous Hair.—Successfully des-

troyed by persevering treatment with Capillifine. It

supercedes Electrolysis, is painless and leaves no marks,

and is very reasonable in price—\$1.50 per bottle; by post,

securely sealed, \$1.50. Specialties for the Hair.—

Ladies, Children and Gentlemen's Private Hair-dressing

Parlors. Hair carefully treated in cases of fever and ill-

ness. Armand's Eau de Cologne and Cambrides, the best

hair tonic in the market, 50c. and \$1. Armand's Instant-

aneous Gray Hair Coloring, in every shade, easy to apply,

most perfect natural result, a lasting color, positively

harmless, best coloring known to science to-day. Highest

award obtained at the World's Fair. Price \$3 per box;

2 boxes for \$5. Armand's Eau de Cologne, imparting color and

brilliance to any color of hair, 50c. and \$1. Armand's

Brilliantine, for dry hair and beard, makes it soft and

brilliant, 50c. and \$1. Armand's select stock fashionable

Bangs and Fringes, from 25c. to \$10. World's Fair award.

Armand's select stock of Long Hair Brushes and Switches,

from 25c. to \$15. World's Fair award. Armand's new Feather-

weights Chignon, the latest coiffure, made to order, only

\$7.50. World's Fair award. Armand's latest imported de-

signs of Hair Ornaments, Real Tortoise Shell, Real Amber,

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THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

light and two window places, but all these openings were unclosed, except by curtains of da which hung before them. Leonard called and asked her what the place was.

"Doubtless the house of a herdsman," she answered, "who is set here to watch the cattle

The lower one is the house of the king,

will cure you

Now she was in front of their foremost rank,
d, halting there, was silent for a moment.
Then she changed her song :

349 UNDERTAKER
YONGE ST. OPPOSITE
ELM ST.

will cure you

349 UNDERTAKER
YONGE ST. OPPOSITE
ELM ST.

beginning: Aca is my name, the Mother of the Snake. Jal, is he named, who is the Snake. Say, do ye know as now?"

As these words rang from her lips a groan of terror burst from every man who heard them. Then the aged priest cried aloud: "Down upon your faces, ye Children of the Snake. Worship, all ye People of the Spear, Dwellers in the Mist! Aca, the Queen immortal, has come home again. Jal, the god, has put on the flesh of men. Olfan, lay down thy kingship; it is his. Ye priests, throw wide the temples; they are theirs. Worship the Mother; do honor to the god!"

The multitude heard and prostrated themselves like a single man, every one of them crying in a shout of thunder:

"Aca, the Queen of Life, has come; Jal, the death god, has put on flesh. Worship the Mother; do honor to the god!"

It was as though the army had suddenly been smitten with death, and of the hundreds there, Juanna and Otter alone were left standing. There was one exception, however, and that was Olfan, the warrior chief, who remained upon his feet, not seeming to relish the command to abdicate his authority thus brusquely in favor of a dwarf, were he god or man.

Otter, who was utterly bewildered, not comprehending a word of what had been said, and being unable to fathom the meaning of these strange antics, pointed at the chief with his spear by way of calling Juanna's attention to the fact that he was still standing. But the great man interpreted the action otherwise; evidently he thought that the newly arrived god was invoking destruction on him. His pride yielded to his superstition, and he sank to his knees also.

When the sound of the worshipping had passed away, Juanna spoke again, addressing the old priest:

"Rise, my child," she said—"he might well have been her great grandfather—" and rise all ye soldiers of the Spear and servants of the Snake, and hear my words. Ye know me now, ye know me by the holy name, ye know me by the fashion of my face, and by the red stone that gleams upon my brow. In the beginning my blood fell yonder and was frozen into such gems as these, which to-day ye offer yearly to him who is my son and slew me. Now the fate is accomplished and his reign is finished. I come with him indeed, and he is still a god, but he loves me as a son again, and bows the knee to me in service. Enough, ye know the ancient tale that is fulfilled this day. Now we pass on toward your city, there to proclaim the law of the Ending, and we pass alone. There, in your city, let a place be made ready for us, a place apart, but next to the temple; and let food be brought to the place, that my servants may eat. At the gates of the city also let men be waiting to bear us to that place. Let none spy upon us, lest an evil fate attend you all, and let none be disobedient, lest we pass from you back to the land of Death and Dreams. Perchance we shall not tarry here for long, perchance we come to bring a blessing and to depart again. Therefore hasten to do our bidding, and do it all. For this time, farewell, my servants."

Having spoken thus with much dignity, accompanied by Otter, whose hand she held as before, Juanna withdrew herself, stepping backward very slowly toward the circle of rocks, and singing as she went.

(To be continued.)

For Seasickness.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. Price of the White Star S.S. Germanic says: "I have prescribed it in my practice among the passengers travelling to and from Europe in this steamer, and the result has satisfied me that if taken in time it will, in a great many cases, prevent seasickness."

Had Him There.

Lawyer—When were you born?
Witness—I can't tell you. You told me a while ago that I must only say what I knew myself, and not what I heard other people say. I didn't look at the almanac when I was born.

A Prominent Lawyer Says:

"I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

Evidently Non-Union.

Applicant—Phwat wages do yer pay here?
Manufacturer—We pay good workmen good wages, and poor workmen poor wages.
Applicant—So it's a scab shop y'r runnin'!
Oh! how yez boycotted!—Puck.

In war, it is a name, not an army.

In politics, it is a name, not a mob. In commerce it is pre-eminently a name for peculiar distinction. The name of Priestley is associated with the manufacture of fine dress fabrics, as Worth is associated with the cut of a gown. Priestley's fabrics are now sold in Canada by first class dealers. They are made of wool, and wool and silk, and are distinguished by the exquisite fineness of texture and a beautiful draping quality. Ladies should ask for Priestley's dress fabrics. The trade mark is "The Varied Board" on which the goods are rolled.

In Kansas.

"Ticket? Haven't got none—I travel on me feet," said the tough passenger.
"I'll have to punch it then," said the conductor calmly. "Biff! I reckon the company won't kick on my knocking down that fare!"

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets, at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route is the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trains in all America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or A. J. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. K. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

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For time tables, maps and other information apply to the nearest ticket agent or address A. J. TAYLOR, Canadian Pass. Agent, C. M. and St. P. Ry., 97 York street, Toronto, Ont.

Lady—I should like some material for a concert dress.
Shopman—Is it for light or heavy music?—La Pescheria.

English Opinion.

A writer in Herpath's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

His Only Choice.



Mother (wishing to draw a moral)—And he said, "Father, I cannot tell a lie."
Son—Humph! Of course he couldn't—standin' there with the hatchet in his hand and chips on his clothes!—Puck.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Replies unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MADON B. AND ALICE IN WONDERLAND.—I really could not study these two specimens. They are quite too crude for delineation.

G. P. Y. No. 2.—You are just an ordinary person, with some excellent characteristics, of which are honesty, common sense, discretion, deliberate judgment, perseverance and youth, especially the latter, which makes a delineation very incomplete.

HEATHER ELKSON.—This is a refined, ambitious, venturesome and rather sweet-tempered body, with quick sympathies, easily influenced will and rather a fascinating manner, adaptability, good reasoning power, love of beauty and a very attractive personality.

WILHELMINA.—It should be quite easy to decide your character, for you are very honest and candid, rather matter-of-fact, with generous and kind heart, bright and hopeful manner and utterly lacking in guile and duplicity. Your affections are warm, and though you have not spent much time in self-culture, you are naturally able and would

not make mistakes if common sense could keep you from them.

T. P. Y.—You are slightly careless, very impetuous, cautious when accused to thought, very idealistic, of strong will and very unformed judgment. Your reasoning powers are not very good, and you would be better for discipline and repose, but you are frank, honest, truthful and constant, with flashes of humor and, on the whole, a character worthy of development. You might be Irish if you had one or two lines a little more definite.

AMERICA.—It is a great pity to have kept you so long. Your writing shows independence and some impatience, conservatism, justice, marked idealism, excellent discretion, and a quick perception and rather clever and bright manner. You've got a temper, fair cousin, and a somewhat erratic method, but your nervous energy and wish to do should work together for success. Those three places you name are truly pretty. Have you ever been down the river to Montreal?

VIOLA.—1. There is not a great deal of character in your studied and immature writing, which lacks vim and force. I think if I told you what it shows, much of which is undoubtedly uncomplimentary, you'd be after me with a gun. Wait until it is matured. 2. I could not tell you of any book of recollections warranted to keep the attention of the audience. That is usually the task of the reciter or elocutionist. 3. I don't think the acquiring of shorthand would help you to read music.

MAR.—Your signature is so blotted that it is nearly illegible, but you enclose Heather Elkson's study. You have a strong and self-reliant nature, rather too positive to be beautiful. You lack concentration and purpose, but

A TERRIBLE STORY OF SUFFERING.

Farmer Smye Could Only Rest on Elbows and Knees.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND ACHIEVES ANOTHER CROWNING SUCCESS.



GEORGE J. SMYE.

Mr. George J. Smye of Sheffield, Ont., says: "I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound."

Mr. Smye is a man of such character, honesty and reputation, that one of Ontario's most estimable druggists, R. Ferrah of Galt, says: "I certify that I am acquainted with Mr. George J. Smye, and know his statement to be true."

Mr. Smye's story of his terrible sufferings, his crowning success with Paine's Celery Compound, and his delivery from the torments of disease, is forcibly and briefly told in the following letter which he has given for publication for the benefit of others:

"It is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of your great medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. For nearly two years I suffered from indigestion, kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a cure, I decided to try your Compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed

owing to pain in my back; it was only by resting on elbows and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. Anyone may refer to me in regard to these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound."

Are any of our readers suffering as Mr. Smye once suffered? Is life trying, weary and miserable to them owing to dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, nervousness and sleeplessness? If any suffer, the path of wisdom has been clearly defined. In addition to Mr. Smye's unassailable testimony, thousands of others have testified to the truth that Paine's Celery Compound is the true path to health, the all in all to the diseased and suffering.



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See this dress?

Surprise Soap

Washed it and will wash any washable material without injury to the color or material—it is harmless yet effective. White goods are made whiter and colored goods brighter by the use of Surprise Soap. Thousands use it. Why don't you? Use Surprise on washday for all kinds of goods.

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OF...

Baby's Own Soap



in your linen drawer and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot-Pourri in a modified degree.

The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better.

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should cultivate both for success. Your will is strong and mind practical; in fact, you are rather slow of perception and sympathy; but very loving, and though rather erratic and unresponsive in manner, doing well to the best of your ability. Don't be too fond of depreciating your own value, and study to develop the higher graces of character.

A. J. MCP.—How I abhor backhand! How, if you had only written this study properly, I'd have found it delightful. As it is, it shows at sixty for effect, some pessimism, a very decided will, warm affection, love of ease, self-assertion, a bright and clever mind, good talent, married by insincerity either in presentation or design. Mannerism more than Irving, my boy. Did you purposely disguise your writing, or has the trick become chronic? It is never the natural effort of man or woman; with your soaring imagination and love of success, it is all at variance.

GIRL.—1. Bal, or bally, is a Celtic word, signifying a town or dwelling, which enters into the composition of hundreds of words in Scotland and Ireland. For instance, Balmoral and Ballycastle—one in Scotland and the other in Ireland. 2. Your writing shows a bright and vivacious manner, lots of animation and fun, love of society, or rather of social pleasures, to speak more clearly. Great impulse, adaptability, light but persevering will, excellent temper, sympathy, and perhaps a little too much given to chatter, bright imagination and slightly hasty judgment are shown.

ALICE.—1. Thanks for your sweet little note. 2. Your writing has some strikingly promising traits. That long, firm rising curve on the "t" tells the tale of hopeful, striving and buoyant ambition, the large round letters show generous and kindly feeling, and the frequent breaks between them some proneness to idealize your pets, whether known or unknown. There are twirls of humor and upright self-respecting lines, and high fly-away crosses on some "ts" of vivacity and good spirits. Because you're so pleasant a life given you some hint as to where I get my idea of you, bright girl!

MARIE B.—Your father is right, my girl. Just have a little patience. You are lonely, but are there no girls, or is it only "young gentlemen friends" who can fill the black? Ah, Marie! surely this is a confession and your father is a wise man. Give him all deference and in the proper time he will allow you to be called on by men friends. Above all things don't sneak! Even should your mother countenance you, every right-thinking person will think less of you. I cannot tell your character from your writing, for that is what it will be in a couple of years. I am sure you're nice and I hope you'll not do anything unbecoming, for such a small matter, too!

DOR.—I suppose your tresson is half worn out by this time. I am quite sure I have studied this very fine writing before. As to the question of a black dress: If you are getting one for real hard wear, get wool bengaline or black serge (the ribby, silky kind, except for mid-winter); if you want it for best, get either faille, with a tiny figure or dot in satin, or, before all else, get black moire. At the time you wrote I should have advised the dyeing of the cashmere. Now it would be nice for the coming season, cleaned and re-trimmed. I have only just opened your letter, which came a while I was at Chicago, and was not, therefore, opened and looked over. Forgive me.

CECELIA.—You did not send any coupon. As to what books I could recommend, you should be cultivating your mind by study, not forming tastes in novels, but I am sure you won't see this as I do. Have you read any of Dickens' works, or Thackeray's or George Eliot's? I'm afraid you'll find them dull after the Rose Nouchette Carey diet. But, my dear child, I know there isn't a bit of use giving you any list of books which would really do you good. I did it once, and without guessing who I was, the girl read the list over to me. "Now, who ever heard of such rubbish to prose over!" she laughed. "I suppose that editor thinks I'm a college girl." But no college girl would have written as that girl did, or as you've done—she's far too busy!

A CANADIAN GIRL.—1. It depends on the gentleman and also on the girl. In your case it would depend mainly on the gentleman. If, as you imply, the journey was taken in company, by accident, I don't see what could be done. But broadly speaking, it is not advisable for any young girl to be travelling alone with some chance gentleman acquaintance. 2. As to your writing, it shows considerable power and enterprise, with some ambition and plenty of energy needing control. Your will is excellent and your mind bright and receptive—the making of a fine woman if taken in hand in earnest and developed properly. You are so practical and sensible, and have such a persevering way that you should win success.

BART.—1. You are away out in your sketch. Brown eyes, southern complexion and extreme neatness are not my exact description, my child. 2. Certainly, in New York if you have the chance. 3. If the girl of twenty wishes the gentleman who has never said he liked her to make that declaration, perhaps she had better ask him. I think, however, that a whole year's attention speaks louder than words.

Perhaps the girl of twenty wishes the gentleman to go a little further than mere liking, otherwise I think she may take his liking for granted. I don't believe gentlemen often outlive the fact in set statement. I did not laugh at you and should not dream of doing so. Your writing is quite ruined by the very unnatural slope which you affect. I really can do nothing with what might be a very fine study.

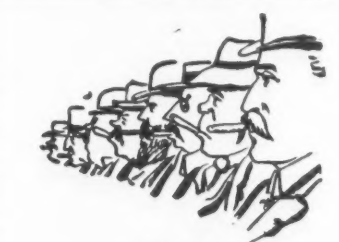
He—And don't you think you could give me some little affection?
She (a widow—coolly)—I fear not; my affections were buried with my dear, deceased husband.

He—Yes? How long has he been buried?
She—Six years.

He—H'm! Well, after that lapse of time I hardly think that I care for them.—Vogue.



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A Study in Humor.

What nationality evinces the greatest amount of humor, or rather, what country puts the best humor into its newspapers? It is generally conceded that the Irish are gifted with the most ready wit, but when one enquires into current humor the palm cannot be awarded off-hand. Naturally some delicate finish is lost to a French or German joke in the translation, but notwithstanding this disadvantage we are of opinion that German humor is ahead of everything else to-day, with American humor a good second. The German comic paper is artistically superior and its jokes appeal to one who cannot read the letter-press. Let us give a few samples:

Porter—Dear Herr Baron, would you be so kind as to put it down in writing that you haven't given me a tip this time, else my wife will think I've gone and spent it in drink."—*Remscheider General-Anzeiger*.

Pork Dealer (to a young widow)—Madame, two thousand hogs and a faithful heart I lay at your feet. Please take us in.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

The essence of German humor seems to be absurdity: the ludicrous is forced upon you so unexpectedly that you are convulsed. There is a gentleness about it, too, that is found nowhere else. It has not the caustic touch, the cynicism and the sting that marks French humor and which is becoming a feature in the American article. Here is one ostensibly French:

A worthy citizen went to town, and called at three cafes in the way of business. On returning home, he discovered he had left his umbrella behind. He forthwith trudged back, determined to enquire for his gamp at the three establishments he had visited during the day. Quite unsuccessful at the first; nobody had seen anything of his umbrella. At the second he fared no better. He arrived at last at the third, where his umbrella was returned to him. "Ah!" he exclaimed, grasping it with feverish haste, "you people are far more honest at this cafe than at the two others!"—*Tablettes des Deux Charentes*.

Now, while that is clipped from and credited to a French paper, we would be willing to wager a dime that it originally emanated from a German mind. It is thoroughly German in idea. Here are three more representatively French:

Mme. M.—a very talented pianiste, when sitting next to Colonel Ramolot at the dinner-table asked him, in a winning tone of voice: "Are you fond of music, Colonel?"

"Madame," replied the warrior, rolling a savage pair of eyes, "I am not afraid of it!"—*Le Rappel*.

A couple of friends enter a restaurant. The waiter comes bustling up: "What can I get you, gentlemen?" "For pity's sake, give us a little respite," said one of them. The waiter trotted away, but came back presently: "Very sorry, gentlemen, respite is off!"—*La Croix*.

Scene—A gambling-saloon; a game of *carte* has just been played: the two players got up, and one of them stepped up close to the other: "Sir!" "What do you want?" "I saw you cheat just now." "Sir!" "I am sure of it." "You mean to ruin me?" "Quite the contrary; I want you to take me in partnership."—*Journal pour Rire*.

All French jokes seem to relate to painting, the stage, and to *blase* life. As a rule they are risky and suggestive, like the dramas of that country. The sharp retort of the ballet girl to the bald old *roue*; the stab administered by one society dame to another, so polished, so bright, so faultlessly polite. This is the field over which French humor rambles continually.

American humor, like the American people, seems to be a composite of all forms, and, again like the American people, appears to have developed a newness all its own. Our readers are so familiar with it that it is scarcely necessary to give examples, but here are two:

He (sentimentally)—Money isn't everything. She (practically)—No, but it gets everything. *New York Press*.

"Why is it that there are no marriages in heaven?"

"Because in this world the good girls are always plain-looking."—*Life*.

English humor seems to be the most ponderous product of the playful mind in all the world. Only an Englishman can see any fun in it. *Punch* is a local paper in the strictest sense of the word. Its hits are usually as local as when one of our rural papers informs its readers: "The young man with the gray horse drove east as usual Sunday night. We're onto you, Bill." Where in all the wide universe can you find anything to compare with the humorous verse in *Punch*?

"Put the police under the L.C.C.!" Ridiculous rot! Preposterous fiddle-de-dee! No; if you want some chance of public peace, The L.C.C. put under the police!

This is taken from the last issue of the great English comic paper. It may be quite intelligible to Londoners, but there is small mirth in it for people living at this distance. Viewed as rhyme, not to call it poetry, it reminds one of nothing but the doggerel of a penny valentine. Here are two prose jokes:

AN EXPENSIVE AMUSEMENT.—"Mr. Henry Labouchere," says Sir George Lewis, of Lewis & Lewis, writing to the *Times*, "has spent £30,000 in defending himself, and has not received one farthing." Ahem! Mr. Labouchere's practice has been to "draw (cheques) and defend himself!"

ABOUT AN OPTIMIST.—"All musical people," says the *Times*, and rightly, "will regret to hear that, under the peremptory order of his medical adviser, Mr. W. T. Best has resigned his position as organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool." We are indeed sorry; but when the Best is done—well, the Best can do no more. Let us, as optimists, hope that this case will be an exception to the proverbial rule. But it will be difficult for anyone to "go one better" than Best.

Such straining, juggling, hauling and ahem-

ing in vain attempts to wrest a humorous idea or a pun out of a word or a name! That is *Punch* the year round, decade after decade. If the English people can now appreciate only sudden humor, we must lay it to the fact that they have taken too much *Punch*. The same pernicious indulgence would eventuate in deadening the bright wit of the Irish peasant, and would dull the senses of the German to a perception of the ludicrous. Nowhere in the world could the natural humor of a people survive such treatment for more than a generation. And that one paper holds the field. *Alley Sloper* is better, and so is *Pick-Me-Up*. The latter is Americanized. *Tit-Bits* reprints whole pages of American selections and translates from the French and German, but the English people will never be really emancipated until every living creature connected with *Punch* is hushed in endless slumber and new men substituted. Having all this to say about English, French, German and American humor, what have we to say about Canadian humor? Very little. It may scarcely be said that humor is produced here at all, for the art of the paragraphist is not cultivated, and it is paragraph humor we are discussing.

The Drama.

INCOG is a bright comedy. The Winters twin brothers are the cause of all the trouble. One of them has been to the asylum to rid himself of certain hallucinations; his wife is at the seaside hotel. The other is also away off somewhere and his fiancée, Miss Somers, is also at the hotel, neither woman knowing the relation in which she stands to the other. A little side interest is imparted to the piece by the fact that Mrs. Winters is one of those moist females who shed tears for pleasure as well as pain—making a sob the vehicle of every emotion; while Miss Somers is her opposite, giggling and gurgling with laughter continually, and exclaiming: "Isn't it just killing!" Tom Stanhope is ordered off the premises by his father because he intends to marry a Miss Armitage instead of Miss Howard, his father's ward. Walking in the garden he finds a portrait of some strange gentleman with neat brown whiskers (unfortunately for him, it is the photo of one of the Winters, whom he has never seen, lost by Miss Somers) and decides to make up a disguise on the lines of the photo and return *incognito* to play upon his father and court Miss Armitage. The disguise works, he tickles his father's vanity with stories of that veteran's performances in the war, courts his sweetheart, she penetrating his disguise, but, alas! the crying Mrs. Winters spies him and falls upon his neck. Thereafter the two Winters return at different times and three men, identical in appearance, are pursued and fondled indiscriminately by three women. The kisses are usually implanted upon the wrong lips. General Stanhope, who thinks that the three are one and that one his guest, Jack Darling, is unspeakably disgusted at the way the women-folk around the hotel are casting themselves on the bosom of the stranger. It takes some time to straighten the tangle, but of course it comes out all right, the son marrying Miss Armitage and the ward being allowed to marry her real lover, Ned Moreland.

The curtain-raiser, *The Salt Cellar*, is an inferior thing from an artistic standpoint, but it is a wonderfully true bit of nature, if we leave out the old uncle who should be in an insane asylum. Such an unmanly old baboon can surely be found nowhere else. The piece portrays the first dinner of a newly married couple. The wife is in a perfect heaven of excitement, getting everything ready, and when hubby appears they fall to kissing without stint and vow eternal love and no quarrelling. Each is prepared to surrender any point whatever for peace, but the bride upsets the salt cellar and screams. The groom nearly goes into a fit of fear, but ridicules the cause of the scream. She says that it presages a quarrel, her mother always said that it did and her mother knew. Whenever her mother had upset the salt she always quarreled with her father. The husband thoughtlessly remarks that it was not so; that they quarreled, but hastens to say a thousand soothing things. He tells her the salt cellar superstition is all nonsense, but she considers this a reflection upon her mother's good sense, and at last, goaded to desperation, he springs up and leaves the table. She develops a petulance quite truly feminine, and there is a prolonged spell of misery. Then she decides to reduce him with tears, and the poor fool at last succumbs. Those who have lived more or less within observation distance of young married couples will understand the play as though they had seen it. C. A. Gerner, its German author, understood the subject.

The Tornado at Jacobs & Sparrow's was as sweeping and terrific as its advance notices promised it would be. The crash of colliding vessels, the irrepressible villain, the Irishwoman, the brisk Irish girl's young lover always on hand to assist the girl to defeat the villain—all our old friends and some new ones were there. The leading lady, supposed to be dead, was sold to the medical school for dissection, and her lover with his pupils were about to cut her up, when he discovers her identity and dismisses the class. Then he finds a spark of life—curtain.

An announcement which will awaken pleasant anticipations is the engagement during the latter part of this month of Mr. Charles Roberts, the distinguished New York reader, who, as upon the occasion of his previous visits here, will combine with our Canadian favorite, Miss Jessie Alexander, in presenting an intellectual treat of a high standard.

Ezra Kendall in the Substitute is playing at the Grand the latter half of the week, and Barlow Bros. Minstrels at the Academy of Music.

Fabio Romanio at the Academy during the first half of the week drew well, and the crowd greatly enjoyed the heroics.

A pleasant feature in connection with Ezra Kendall's present engagement at the Grand is the fact that Mr. Henry Jardine (Mr. Henry

Jardine-Thomson) of Toronto, is a member of the company, and was welcomed by his acquaintances at the Thursday night performance. Miss Jardine-Thomson (his sister) appeared in the drawing-room scene of the second act and sang in her usual delightful way. It gave the performance a local interest.

The Stowaway will be the attraction at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week.

The Theatrical Mechanical Association's annual benefit performance occurred at Jacobs & Sparrow's on Friday afternoon, to which I shall refer next week.

The closing number of Kleiser's Star Course occurred on Monday evening, when A. A. Willets gave a charming lecture. The Pavilion was crowded, and a better pleased audience has not attended any one of Mr. Kleiser's attractions this season. The lecturer proved to be a delightful old man. "At one time," he said, "I used to get my illustrations from the newspapers, and people would lean one to another and say that they had read all about that and didn't need to pay to hear a lecturer talk about it. But now, I take my illustrations from the Bible and very few seem ever to have heard them before."

Marie Wainwright will live up the Grand for the first three nights of next week. She is nearly always supported by a good company and always attracts the best theater people. Monday and Tuesday nights she will present *An Unequal Match*, at Wednesday matinee *Camille*, and Wednesday night *Man and Wife*.

Rev. W. F. Wilson has preached the annual sermon against the theater. If the theater serves no other purpose it at least presents a theme with which popular preachers may attract congregations when business begins to lag.

The Algerian Opera Company will sing at the Grand for the latter half of next week.

My Colleen will be put on at the Academy of Music next week.

The Epigram in Literature.

The term "epigram," which literally signifies an inscription, was first applied to those short sentences which were inscribed on offerings made in temples. There is a terseness, a spontaneity, an exquisite pleasantness, a delicate irony, a tender pathos, in those little poems, those genre pictures, those

"Jewels five words long
That on the stretch'd forehead of all time
Sparkle forever."

Avarice is a vice particularly noxious to the satirical epigrammatist. How cutting are the following lines on Stinginess in Hospitality, by Palladas:

"Most people dine but once, but when we've dined
With our friend Salamius,
We dine again at home, for faith! we find
He did not truly dine us."

The wheat harvest of Bacchylides yields us this golden ear of truth:

"As gold the Libyan touchstone tries,
So man, the virtuous valiant, wise,
Must to all-powerful Truth submit
His virtue, valor, and his wit."

Theognis applies to wine what is here attributed to the force of truth:

"Five proves the brazenness of the mine,
The soul of man is proved by wine."
The old Latin proverb runs, "In vino veritas." That epigram on the late master of Balliol College is amusing:

"Look at me, my name is Jowett,
I am master of Balliol College,
All that can be known I know it,
And what I know not is not knowledge."

Cambridge has its epigrams, too. Here is one on the late master of Trinity, Dr. Whewell, a man of great intellect but of overbearing manners and temperament:

"Should a man through all space to far galaxies travel,
And of nebulous fumes the remotest strata travel,
He will find, having come thus to fashion infinity,
That the great work of God is the Master of Trinity."

The convivial habits of men have given rise, as we might suppose, to many excellent epigrams, ancient and modern. The following is from a French author:

"The wise allow five reasons good for drinking:
As first the coming of a welcome stranger;
Next that you're thirsty; then that you've been thinking
How soon of being thirsty you're in danger;
Fourth, that the wine's so good you can't refuse;
And lastly, any reason that you choose."

These are reasons which find practical expression in society amongst ourselves everywhere to-day. They remind us of Addison's "rule for drinking," formed, as he tells us, upon a saying quoted by Sir William Temple: "The first glass for myself, the second for my friend, the third for good-humor, and the fourth for mine enemies." There used to be the custom of toasting a mistress in a number of glasses equal to that of the letters of her name. For instance, Martial tells us:

"Nervia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur."
This reminds us of George Hardinge's very happy *jeu d'esprit* on the names of Job's three daughters:

"Sex Jemima scyphis, septem Kheriah bibatur;
Ebrus est si quis se Kerehappuch amet,"
lines which someone has translated:

"Six glasses the name of Jemima will cover
And (reckoning the H's) Kheriah claims seven;
But alas! Kerehappuch's unfortunate lover
Will as surely be tipsy as fools go to Heaven."

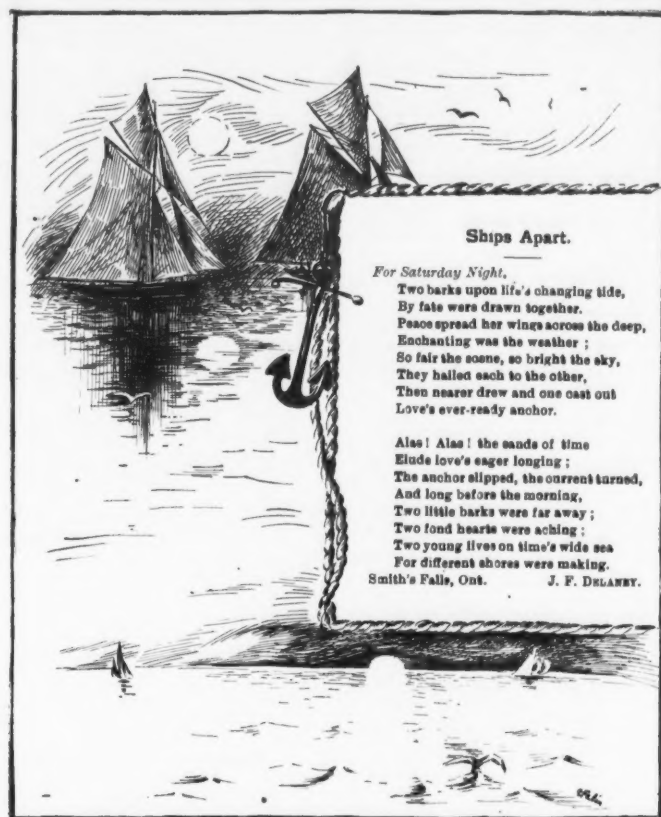
Perhaps there are few better epigrams in our language than the following, composed by the Rev. William Clarke, an English divine and antiquarian, who lived in the early part of the last century, on seeing the words "Domus Ultima" inscribed on the vault belonging to the Dukes of Richmond in the cathedral of Chichester:

"Did he who thus inscribed the wall
Not read or not believe St. Paul,
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
Another house not made with hands?
Or may we gather from these words
That house is not a House of Lords?"
—*William Cowen in Good Words*.

"Won't you sing us something, James?" said the mother-in-law, who was paying the second visit to her daughter within a month.

"Certainly," answered the son-in-law, "what shall I sing?"

"Anything you like."
Then James sat down at the piano and sang,
And the Cat Came Back.—*New York Press*.



Ships Apart.

For Saturday Night.

Two barks upon life's changing tide,
By fate were drawn together.
Peace spread her wings across the deep,
Enchanting was the weather;
So fair the scene, so bright the sky,
They hailed each to the other,
Then nearer drew and one cast out
Love's ever-ready anchor.

Alas! Alas! the sands of time
Ebb'd love's eager longing;
The anchor slipped, the current turned,
And long before the morning,
Two little barks were far away;
Two fond hearts were aching;
Two young lives on time's wide sea
For different shores were making.
Smith's Falls, Ont. J. F. DELANEY.

The Playful Lamb.

Charles Lamb was once invited by a friend to meet an author who had just published a volume of poems. A glance over the volume convinced Lamb that it possessed little merit, being a feeble echo of different authors. The gentleman's self conceit and confidence in his own book were so manifest as to awaken in Lamb his spirit of mischievous waggonery. His tenacious memory enabled him, during the dinner, to quote fluently several passages from the pretender's volume, with the remark, "This reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young." When this had happened several times, the real author of the lines quoted looked ready to burst with suppressed indignation. At last, as a climax to the fun, Lamb quoted the well known opening lines to *Paradise Lost*, as written by himself. This was too much for the verse-monger. He immediately arose, and, with an impressive solemnity of manner, addressed the claimant to so many poetical honors. "Sir," he said, "I have tamely submitted all this evening to hear you claim the merit that may belong to any little poems of my own. This I have borne in silence; but, sir, I never will sit quietly by and see the immortal Milton robbed of *Paradise Lost*!"



White—Where is my son, where is my little Philip.
Black (enjoying his pun)—Ah, my wife and I eat him for a Philip-teen.—*From the German*.

Musical Art in Oklahoma.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Col. Handy Polk, who had been delegated to introduce the eminent pianist to the cultured and refined audience assembled in the Spread Eagle Theater: "I take pleasure in introducing to you Herr Von Plunk, the celebrated virtuoso, who will give us a wonderful imitation of a man performing on a piano. The performer makes a regular business of playin' a piano, and thoroughly understands what he is doin', so I'll just say to anybody who don't happen to like his style that the fault is in you and not in Herr Von Plunk. No audible criticism will be tolerated. Alkali Ike and Hank Bitters have been appointed to keep order; and, like the performer, they are dead onto their jobs. My son and several other little boys will pass through the audience every now and then with peanuts and popcorn for sale; so there will be no excuse for anybody's goin' out while the Performer is playin'. That's all I have to say. Let her go, Performer!"—*Puck*.

Immense Profit.

The works of the composer Balfe, whose son at fifty-four is poor and wretched, were gold-mines to the publishers. The enterprising gentlemen who published *The Bohemian Girl* made forty thousand dollars profit out of When Other Lips, a similar sum out of I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls, and twenty-five thousand dollars from The Heart Bowed Down. The composer's unfortunate son is a little old man, bent with years of hard and unremunerative work.—*New York World*.

What We Are Coming To.

Manager—What's got into your concert programmes? You haven't played a note of Beethoven, Haydn, Weber, or even Wagner for months—nothing but a lot of miserable stuff by people that nobody ever heard of.

Orchestra Leader—I know, I know—but vat gan I do? Dot orchestra all belong to dot Fiddlers' and Tooters' Labor Union, and von't play any music vat vas composed by a scab.—*Puck*.

Philological.

First High School Girl—French is such a charming language, why don't you go in for it?
Second ditto—I hate it; every time papa and mamma talk French together we have the balliffs in the house next day.—*Der Floh*.

Shadows.

For Saturday Night.

Shadows o' life's long day!
Darker and darker still:
From the morn, with its childhood's careless play,
To the night so dark and chill.
Shadows in boyhood's hour!
When life is fair and free;
Like the shade and the gloom of an April shower,
As it sweeps o'er the fresh green trees.
Shadows o'er youth's bright life!
False loves and vain desires;
And the foolish hope and the empty strife,
While the soul can still aspire.
Shadows of manhood's prime!
Craft and ambition's art,
And the faithless soul and the wasted time,
And the chilled and hardened heart.
Shadows of dreary age!
The dulled and falling mind:
When love lies dead and life's last page
Is blotched and undefined.
Shadows of awful death!
Gloomy, and dark, and drear,
With a hope for some, at their latest breath,
And for some a doubt and a fear.
ROBERT GOURLAY.

Just a Loving Girl.

For Saturday Night.

He thought her "just a loving girl!"
At least he told me so:
He said her teeth were precious pearls,
And surely he should know.
He said she gave him good advice,
And that she thought him "fine;"
She told him tales of long ago,
And sang him *Auld Lang Syne*.
Of course he thought she meant it all,
And took it without fail,
But now, poor fellow, he is "broke"
And she has called a "hail."
He swears no more by *Auld Lang Syne*,
His love for it is lost,
He's now looking up his bank accounts
To find his "Ducky's" cost.
J. BRUCE CARY.

Adrift.

For Saturday Night.

Like current-cought blossoms and nut-shells,
Like fishing-smacks putting to sea;
Life's white-plin'd pleasures all vanish,
Life's love-watch'd follies all flee.
The sails that they spread are the whitest,
The roses that crest them are gold;
Both woven and spun from the memories
And dreams of the dear days of old.
Like stars from the pink of the morning,
Like dew from the meadows of day,
They fade when our warmest affections
Beseech them most fondly to stay.
Far, far on the waters o'erwhelm'd,
With ragged shrouds whipping the mast;
We follow their fancied careerings,
Impell'd by the fleet and the blast.
The wilder the howl of the tempest,
The stronger the hand at the oar;
The louder the boom of the breakers,
The nearer the peace of the shore.
And the golden ropes of the future
Shall haul up the dreams of the past
Like silver-bellied eels and float us
Safe home to the harbor at last.
KEMMER E. LEWIS.

Making B'lieve.

For Saturday Night.

I've made b'lieve I was a mamma,
And been to the bazaar's shore.
But the bargain (the baby) I signed so
That I couldn't play that any more.
I've made b'lieve I was Columbus,
And discovered the world all over,
The rug was the "Lantic ocean,"
And I sailed on the nursery sofa.
I've made b'lieve I was an Indian,
And scalped Polypheemia twice,
And I played a big polar bear,
With the looking-glass for ice.
I've made b'lieve I was a doctor,
With pearl-topics pills,
But I was 'bliged to give up practice,
'Cause I couldn't c'lect any bills.
Two times I've b'lieved to be a circus,
And two times the coal man, too,
And once I was Robinson Crusoe,
And once I was Little Boy Blue.
Oh, I've made b'lieve and I've made b'lieve,
Till there's nothing else to be!
And now—I'm so hungry, mamma—
Let's make b'lieve I was me.
—*Annie Hamilton Donnell in Youth's Companion*.

The People of the Public Library

BY MACK.

Drawings by V. C. McGill.

Man has been described as the animal that laughs; but the hyena laughs, and so does the monkey. He has been described as the reasoning animal; but the pismire seems to possess a reason that, when one considers the difference in the size of its head and that of a human being, should cause man never again to boast of his reason in the vicinity of an ant-hill. Man also has been described as the talking animal; but all animals talk, and it might be cited in point that a German professor has mastered the first difficulties in the chimpanzee tongue and is preparing a dictionary. Henceforth, no modern language course will be complete without a smattering of chimpanzee. Therefore, I say, man may be described as the animal that can read and write. When men first learned to letter their thoughts upon any smooth surface, whether papyrus or shale rock, then other animals became lower animals, indeed.

Have you ever thought of it in that light? Would your present relation to your coach-horses have been the same if some palfrey had, four thousand years ago, discovered an alphabet for equine use and a process whereby horses could perpetuate their experiences and their philosophizings to their posterity? We have seen horses possessed of nothing save such natural talent as nature gives, horses that had no educational opportunities, never having even been tethered to the tie-post at a college door, display a worldly wisdom that put to shame their masters who had had access to the accumulated traditions and funded experience of forefathers since Adam's day. Who dare conjecture what horses would have known and been by this time, had they possessed a means of passing knowledge from sire to son? And the same disquieting speculation may be raised in regard to all animals of the intelligent canine and feline tribes. Really, have we much to boast of beyond the fact that we are born of a lucky species? It is known that ants in South



America build tunnels three miles long, while the longest tunnel man has constructed so far is only nine and a half miles long. The ants may have longer ones than that if we knew where to look for them, for these tiny engineers are too modest to call attention to their own works. Probably an ant regards a man as a great, unintelligent brute, holding him in about the same estimation as we do the elephant, only more monstrous a destroyer. His great foot can crush an ant village, its temples, workshops, granaries and public squares. Ant-life resembles man-life more than does any other of the lower forms, and if there were anything in the transmission of souls we might with reason look for the rushing, tolling, fretting city slaves of one generation in the ant-hills of the next. Beware! To crush a pismire may be parricide!

All men and women now read more or less,



A Solid Reader.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne more than forty-one per cent. of the people of Great Britain could not write their names; now only seven per cent. are in that condition. It is a fair inference that the ability to read has kept pace with the ability to sign names, although in the early part of the century, and particularly in Ireland, reading was often taught without writing; while, on the other hand, many were, and are, instructed how to

sign their names, although unable to write anything else or to read a printed word.

But the signing of one's name does not make one a writer, nor does the ability to rattle off a page or race down a column make one a reader. He is a reader who can relish and digest a book, and there is but one sane eater among every thousand omnivorous devourers. There are boys and girls everywhere who race through every bit of fiction they can fall upon, and one would think that such persons had the miraculous power to create books of fiction by smiting the stones of the pavement, for wherever you see them, in office, school, street-car or country-lane, their eyes are glued upon fascinating stories. Some such people, when asked a month afterwards what such-and-such a story was about, cannot tell you. A dozen other streams of fiction have coursed through their minds since and erased that story. If you place the same book again in the hands of such a person, he will not read far before remembering the main facts of the plot, but what benefit does one get from such an acquaintance with books? A



A Typical Group.

momentary diversion; that is all. One might amuse himself in a more injurious way, but still the vast advantages that are easily derivable from books are lost to such a person. He who has a taste for reading at every moment he can steal from labor and sleep, yet who rushes story after story through the tunnel of his mind without creating a lasting impression, is throwing away the primeval possibility of his life. The man who can read with relish has a palliative for whatever hardships may attend his age, not to mention the assistance a cultivated mind will give towards succeeding in the world. An old man who can sing with the sublimest poets, moon with the deepest philosophers, dissect and reconstruct the whole clock-work of astronomy with the scientists, argue logic with Locke and evolution with Spencer and Drummond—bah! don't pity the poverty of such a man. He wants not houses and lands and dollars, but God save his eyesight and misplace not his spectacles! He exists in an intellectual realm, wherein his shoulders are not bent nor his step heavy, at whose threshold waiting magi transform his shoddy garb into ermine, his coarse boots into golden sandals and the prince holds communion with his peers.

Those who have a thirst for reading fail to



quench or in any sense gratify it by running the contents of books through their minds like water through a tube. No impression is made. This is nearly always caused by lack of guidance in early reading. The light, alluring books that naturally find their way into the hands of boys and girls will not do much harm, unless a whole community of young people co-operate to give each individual the reading of all such books that they can find. Ten light novels may make a boy's mind sprightly, while one hundred of them may make it permanently frivolous in complexion. With the mistakes of my own haphazard reading forced upon me, I think that a boy should read the poets before he attacks the novelists in real earnest, that he should read books of travel before the poets, and history before that again. By history I do not mean the dry chain of dates, the endless list of treaties, and the 'righteous genealogical trees that pass for history in our public schools, but those absorbing works of history found in all good libraries, than which nothing so broadens and impresses the sappy mind of youth. The school history just leaves a boy at the point where he can seize upon such mental food. Then books of travel acquaint him with the world of his own day, or at least, his century. Then poetry will give grace to a mind which is ballasted with information, and will supply

tunes to the songs that stir in the blood of youth. Having traveled such a course, a young man may approach fiction without fear and with anticipations of the keenest. He alone is capable of enjoying fiction to the



fullest. He will not read for plot alone, but for beauty of thought, for revelations of human nature and glints of history. No man can develop his intellectual being to the fullest without reading works of fiction. Some great men do not read such books; they would be greater if they did. Read fiction to ex-

cess and the mind grows giddy and inconstant; do not read fiction at all, and it grows sluggish and insensate in spots. Every nature has in it an element of romance as well as an element of reverence, a germ of religion; both can be nourished with advantage, if the proper proportion be not lost. The perfect man is one who does not let any part of his mind, body or spirit fall into disuse and decay.

The people who haunt public libraries present a great study. There is, deserving first notice, the old gentleman who simply lives in solid books, smiling now and then at some scholarly witticism that only such as he can relish; frowning at some bit of loose reasoning,



Perfecting the Faith.

and growing visibly angry if it is persisted in. Don't ask him the time of day just then, or he will answer you as though you were the faulty author. There is the careless reader, racing through a book as though he were to be hanged at sundown if he have not finished it. There is the quotation fiend, thumbing Shakespeare in search of a passage, so that he may settle a bet as to its exact wording. There is the newcomer who took out a book on account of its title and now finds it a religious work and not a story of crime in the gold mines; but he pores over it disconsolately, for habit bids him read. There are old men and young men reading all kinds of books; some staring unintelligently at the pages before them, having fallen into reveries; some without books, without thought, crestfallen, waiting for night to come, and then, perhaps, to wait again for night to go and day to come—for public libraries attract those cast aside as useless by the machinery of life. This is where they loaf and dream, and fall into a pulseless state, unrelieved sometimes even by an indefinite wonder as to whether that fly which the reader opposite has brushed so angrily off his nose will come at him again. The stillness of a public reading-room, the oblivion in which the readers are enveloped, makes a hungry, tattered, unoccupied man look pitiable beyond compare. Life is typified there. A solid, comfortable man is wrapped up in the rich enjoyment of his precious book, while seated beside him is a listless man, ragged, cadaverous, without home, without in the whole world enough substance to secure him even enough poison to end his wretched days.

The most interesting department of any public library is the newspaper reading-room, where the papers from all over the world are

displayed on racks for the public. This is where you find the odd characters. Retired farmers and farmers' sons living in town come here to see the rural papers; the cockney to see the Times; the Highlander to get a sniff of the Gaelic; the machinist to pore over the Scientific American and the Electrical World, for all kinds of people find gratification for their various tastes. But the ordinary caller flits from paper to paper, settling nowhere, hunting nothing in particular, but crowding up wherever he sees another reading a paper. One cannot find any publication, however obscure and repellent in make-up and contents,



"This is a Great Shop."

but what, if he stop and pretend to read it, he will at once have two or three others peering over his shoulders, as though that one paper were the only one in the room. I have tried this in various libraries as an experiment and never knew it to fail. If you stop on the street to look into a window, the same thing happens. And if you will take notice you will find yourself as weak as your fellows. A man gazing into a window will cause you to stop and do likewise, if you are only killing time at the moment and are not hustling to business. It is human nature.

The Toronto Public Library and Reading Room were commenced in 1883, and since that time constant improvements have been made. The system has been growing more efficient every year and necessarily more expensive. The issue of books has kept pace with the general improvement, as will be seen by the following comparison:

1884.....	179,506	1889.....	310,904
1885.....	277,931	1890.....	387,480
1886.....	270,095	1891.....	427,337
1887.....	276,066	1892.....	431,356
1888.....	279,180	1893.....	442,470

The number for 1893 is composed of 268,896 volumes taken out for home reading and 21,470 read in the rooms. These figures I glean from the last published report of the Library Board. The long hours during which the Library is kept open necessitates a double staff, and the salary bill is quite an item. In 1883 it amounted to \$9,570.50, and in 1893 to \$11,868.24. The establishment of branch libraries accounts for the increase in the salary bill. In the annual report a comparison is made between the salary outlay here and in other cities, and it is gratifying to know that nowhere else are so many books put in circulation at so small a cost for handling.

William Mara, chairman of the Board, in the report referred to above, and dated January 30, 1894, says: "I think it is proper also to mention that this Board did not wait until January, 1894, to economize. In March, 1893, they prepared a scheme by which two of the branch libraries could be closed and a saving effected of \$4,000 per annum. I regret, however, that the action of the City Council in threatening to cut off part of our grant if this scheme were carried out, prevented its



adoption. In my opinion it was an, uncalled-for interference with the rights and duties of the Board when endeavoring to conduct its affairs on business principles."

The reference library now contains 39,898 volumes. The entire Public Library, including branches, contains 84,987 volumes. One cannot write anything about the Toronto Public Library without saying something complimentary about the chief librarian, James Bain, Jr. In knocking about among the frequenters of the institution, in discussing its various features with those who most often come in contact with its officials, one is everywhere informed that Mr. Bain is marvelously expert in his business and unusually obliging in disposition.

A Novel Operation.

The layman's invariable test of surgery is implied in his question, "Did the patient get well?" If the answer is negative, he doesn't care for the operation. The doctor's views are not so prejudiced. He knows surgery when he sees it, and recognizes the merit of it, when it has merit, without regard to idiosyncrasies of the patient. When the doctor says that the operation was entirely successful, but the patient died, the layman usually says nothing, but looks despondent. But even a layman can understand the success of that operation the other day at the Long Island College Hospital, whereby the blood of Dr. Franklin Kemp was run into the veins of Kate Pomphrey. Kate Pomphrey had been found almost asphyxiated with gas and was dying. Dr. Kemp, the house surgeon at the hospital, proposed to try the transfusion of blood, and offered to contribute the blood. The operation was done before two hundred students in the operating-room of the hospital, and though mischances delayed its success, and a lot of good blood was wasted, through the efforts of two surgeons, and largely through Dr. Kemp's own pluck and persistence, it was presently made to work right, and for five minutes blood did run through a tube out of his veins and into hers. The effect was immediate. The woman, who had been black in the face and very near death, revived at once, and though she died twenty-four hours later of other complications (Bright's disease), it remains clear that her life was saved for the time being by Dr. Kemp's loan of a share of his own abundant vitality. Dr. Kemp's prompt and generous benevolence is highly praised, and rightly; nevertheless, I think that far more than most of us realize it runs in human blood to shed itself for humanity when the occasion calls. I suspect that there is a little parcel of heroism put up with almost every new soul, which survives the crowding of ordinary petty selfishness, and is rarely eliminated altogether, except by years of calculating porcinity. It is strong stuff, and curiously capable of sudden expansion, so that as long as any of it is left, there is always a risk that it will swell out all in an unexpected moment, crowd calculation to the wall, and boss the job in hand.—E. S. Martin in Harper's Weekly.

Flying Machines at Last.

Complete victory over the air is now, it seems, virtually accomplished. No less an authority than Mr. Hiram S. Maxim—who, it will be remembered, is the inventor of the Maxim



Latest News from Matebele-land.

gun—has already tested the capabilities of his flying machine, and has proved that it can traverse space at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour on an even keel. This gigantic specimen of aerial craftsmanship is provided with huge linen wings, and driven by light, yet strong, engines supplied with naphtha. This is an accomplished fact, and yet its author only regards it as an experiment, and pointing the way to something far more advanced. Not only Mr. Maxim, but others are at work upon the problem of flying, and we are assured that it will soon be possible for mankind to fly individually with wings of his own, as well as collectively in a machine. Should such an era really be dawning upon us, what possibilities unfold themselves—tragic, comic, serious, confusing!

His Friend's Thoughtfulness.

"I think a great deal of this rocking-chair," said Rivers. "It's made from wood that grew on a farm in Virginia once owned by George Washington."

"I don't see anything extraordinary about it," said Banks, "except that it's big and ugly. How much did it cost you?"

"Nothing. That's the beauty of it. A friend of mine in the East sent it to me. There's nothing like having good friends."

"No, I suppose not. How did he send it?"

"By express. Quite a relic, isn't it? Wood grew on one of George Wash—"

"You paid the express, did you?"

"Of course. Wood grew on a farm that once belonged to George—"

"How much was the —"

"Farm that once belonged to George Washington in Virginia. It isn't every day you can—"

"How much express did —"

"It isn't every day you see a rocking-chair made out of wood grown on a farm that once belonged to George—"

"What express charges did you have to pay?"

"Eight dollars and seventy-five cents," said Rivers, with visible reluctance.—Chicago Tribune.

Short Stories Retold.

Little Dick got into trouble with a school-fellow the other day and agreed to "have it out" before school the next morning. That evening when Dick knelt by his mother's side to say his prayers before going to bed he delivered himself as follows, after the usual "Now I lay me": "And, O God, please make me strong as lions an' things, 'cause I got to lick a boy in the morning."—Lippincott's.

An Irish paper tells a good story of a visit Justin McCarthy paid to a second-hand book store in Cork not long since. After offering him several works of fiction, the bookseller finally produced a copy of one of Mr. McCarthy's own books, but still the customer was not satisfied. At last the bookseller, in desperation, exclaimed, "Well, sir, if I was a man so hard to please as you, I'd take to writing books myself!"

Some years ago an old deacon in Pennsylvania was very self-willed, and on two or three occasions made endless trouble in church. After some years they got started again, but another row soon broke out. At last the church clerk got up and said: "Brethren and sisters, I wish Deacon Jones was in hell." The new pastor and the members were horrified, and the pastor said: "Brother Smith, such a remark is unkind and unchristian. Why do you use such expressions about a brother?" "Well, pastor," he replied, "I calculate if Deacon Jones was in hell about six months he would bust it up."—Argonaut.

In the recent efforts of a charitable woman to carry consolation and comfort in the houses of the distressed, a crippled old woman was found who resisted all importunities that she had anything for which to be thankful. One mercy and another were suggested to her as reasons why she should at least express herself as having something for which she should be grateful. All these she promptly declined. Finally, as her visitor was about to give up the search, the old woman said: "Yes, there is a thing that I forgot. I've got wan thing for to be thankful. I've got two toots in me head and they bites opposite."—N.Y. Sun.

It is not generally known that, despite the idea entertained by people to-day that dueling is a thing of the dark past in all except Gallic countries, the late Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, almost figured as principal in a duel, while Attorney General of Canada. In the Parliament of 1856-59, Sir John was particularly fierce in his attacks upon opponents. His bitter onslaught upon Hon. George Brown is often referred to. He also made a sweeping attack upon Colonel Rankin, to which that gentleman replied in such a tone that they almost came to a personal collision. The practice of dueling was just dying out, and the Speaker was so satisfied that a duel would result that he threatened to place both gentlemen under charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms. He was restrained, however, and letters proposing and arranging a duel were actually exchanged between Sir John and Colonel Rankin, but somehow unknown influence prevented the duel.

Le Fanu in his Seventy Years of Irish Life tells this story: A man by the name of O'Connell, who was known to his friends as "Kilmallock," was found by a friend one morning hastily writing. "What are you writing about, Kilmallock?" he asked. "I'm writing a letter to the editor of the Times about that scoundrel Chambers. I'll read you as much as I have written: 'To the editor of the Times: Sir—I see by your paper of this date that last night, in the House of Commons, Mr. Chambers brought forward his usual motion in favor of government inspection of Catholic nuns. Instead of attacking those amiable, pious, virtuous ladies, the Catholic nuns, let this Mr. Chambers look nearer home; let him look at his own old card-playing, scandal-mongering, dram-drinking mother—' "But," interrupted his friend, "take care that that is not libelous. Are you quite sure that she is so bad?" "What would I know about the old devil?" said Kilmallock; "I never heard of her in my life. But if he has a particle of manly feeling in his composition, it will cut him to the quick."

Another story by the same gentleman shows how differently a joke is taken by an Irishman and a Scotchman. An Englishman, who had been fishing the lower lakes, said to his boatman: "An extraordinary thing happened to me some time ago. I lost a pair of scissors out of my fishing-box at the end of the lake. The next year I was fishing here again, and hooked and killed a very large pike. I felt something hard inside him, so I opened him, and what do you think it was?" "Begorra, then, your honor, I'd think it might be your scissors, only for one little thing." "What is that?" asked the other. "It's only just this, your honor, that there never was a pike in any of the Killarney lakes since the world began." Afterward the same Englishman tried the same story on a gillie in Scotland. When he asked him, "What do you think was inside the pike?" the gillie replied: "Your scissors and nae guts, and the Duke of Argyll—and he's a far greater man than the king—would not have insulted me sae. I'll fish nae mare wi' ye," and off he walked.

New Books and Magazines.

W. Sandford Evans, president of the Canadian Club, Hamilton, has an article in the February number of the *American Journal of Politics*, entitled *Canada and Political Union* from a Canadian Standpoint. It is a reply to that turbulent exile, Francis Wayland Glen, whom the Americans are pleased to regard as a representative Canadian, and whose views they accept as representative of our people. But thanks be to the All-wise, neither the man nor his views are representative of us. Mr. Evans treats him with a dignified effectiveness that should convince the editor and readers of the *Journal of Politics* that they were being misled. In the same number Vernon R. Andrews debates the question, Ought the United States to Annex Canada? and answers in the negative. He discusses the question wholly from the American standpoint, his education on the question having been

derived, I should judge, from the letters of Erasmus Wiman and F. W. Glen, and his recollection of the United States public school geography of years ago. His great conclusive argument against the union is amusing, although Canadians will be disposed to respect any argument that will restrain the jingoes of the Republic from precipitating irreconcilable strife by attempting to politically unify the continent. He says: "They (the Canadian people) have annually been forced to meet that grim reality, a long, cold, desolate northern winter. Nature, whose kindly face has smiled upon us, has ground them beneath her heel. With a genial climate, Canada might stand second to no country on the face of the earth. With the climate which she possesses she can never hope to be successful in her struggle for supremacy with other nations." This narrow ignorance of the Canadian climate should have been traveled out of the American by this time. It is surely not too much to ask that the magazine writers at least should abandon the idiosyncrasy of the Hudson Bay country is not the climate of Canada.

The *Canadian Magazine* for March is a creditable number. Its most startling content is a paper by Arthur Harvey, entitled the *Physical Catastrophe to America*, supposed to have been written in the year 1960. It is a fine bit of speculation. The *Canadian Premier* and the *United States President*, by John A. Cooper, B.A., LL.B., is a study in comparative politics. John Ferguson, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., discusses the Death Penalty more exhaustively than I have seen it treated for years. He quotes Scripture, history and expert testimony, making in all a most judicious and calm consideration of both sides, concluding, however, by declaring against the death penalty. Mexico and Its People (illustrated), by P. H. Bryce, M.A., M.D., is one of the most entertaining papers in the number, while E. Molson Spragg contributes another article on British Columbia. J. A. Radford, O.S.A., discusses Canadian Art, Faith Fenton writes up The Winter Carnival at Quebec, while Arthur J. Stringer, Stuart Livingston and M. A. Maitland contribute some very creditable verse.

Lippincott's for March is a good number. In fact, I can recommend Lippincott's with a clear conscience to those desiring a fiction magazine.

REVIEWER.

Windows and Doors.

HOUSEKEEPER thinks of her house fashions at this time of year, when the bloom is rubbed from last fall's rich portieres and festoons, and the pitiless March sunlight searches out every dullest fold and dusty drapery. And for the coming season there are some pretty and dainty things long since on the market and already bought, perhaps, by the forehand. In sash curtains the shops are showing the effective and cheap Irish point, in many designs and grades. These are pretty for boudoir or unpretentious parlors, but of course the real and sheerest of lace and the most effective shades of soft silk are needed for the *salon* when madame receives *en grande toilette*, either as bride or matron. By the way, the bride's curtains must be tied back with pure white satin ribbons, or they are not quite what they should be. Embroidered muslin patterns come for both sack and long bedroom curtains. There should always be a double pair of these that they may replace one another every month or fortnight at window and laundry; there is no excuse possible for a muslin curtain or a muslin gown which has lost its first freshness and purity. So cheap are these pretty fashions that two pair only cost a trifle in any case. A plain polka-dot is nicer for the nest of a very young maiden, and a scant narrow frill is "so English, you know." By the way, I wonder if any of my readers appreciated the simple artistic excellence of the draperies and colors in the charming settings of a recent play presented in Toronto.

Long curtains of Tuscan silk are in very Eastern shades of cream, blue, terra cotta and pale green stripes with sere alternating, and a pretty drape can be twisted through a wooden carved grille with them. Double-faced *velours* portieres come in the soft, bewitching shades of old Sheikh's rugs, and rest the eye and charm the artistic soul of her who studies them. Coarse Bohkara draperies are useful and can be very stylishly arranged with the Moorish spears I wrote of some months ago as New York's Christmas fad. The coarse Bohkara costs about a dollar a yard, and for smoking-room and well used sanctum are recommended.

Have you seen the Vatican cloths, as the fifty-inch-wide brocades are called? I saw some elegant effects with this material in a modish town house recently. One sees everything nowadays. Bamboo portieres and window screens are here, and ancient chenille curtains there, velvet hangings live next door to wildernesses of frills and dots as large as a quarter. Every house speaks of its mistress and the windows are sometimes a confession of her faith which would surprise her. I always study people's windows; do you? I went into a yellow room the other day. It gave one an impression of sunlight and topaz, whereas, had it been a shade deeper, it might have suggested hard boiled eggs, or a shade less clear mustard plasters. The only other colors in it were silver gray and a faint pure green, but then, the mistress of that room was an artist and had both the will and the way to perfection. Her own gown, of shot velvet, was in gray and blue, and she had a quaintly coiffed head of dusky brown hair. As she stood in her sunny surroundings, with jonquils at her breast and a spring harmony in color

playing round her, she was utterly satisfying to the eye, to all the senses it seemed to me.

By way of contrast was a medley in rich brown, deep blue, pale green, and some intervening shades, with a hostess in an electric blue gown and a large number of American beauty roses scattered through two appalling rooms. In the window, just where the light fell strong, stood a large rolling chair of wool work, blue ground with a multi-colored strip a foot wide down the middle. The room was a misdemeanor, but that chair was a positive crime! There is great lack of design in our decoration and of finish in what design we have. Let the color scheme be appropriate, suggestive and sane, let the design be comprehensible and finished, every fold and loop have its influence, and each room its story of our clever appreciation of all the many considerations that make a house a benefit or a hindrance to advancement in every refining impulse.

LA MOYE.

Nothing but Words.

Another million has been expended for the formation of a new dictionary in America, to be known as the Standard, while England is putting forth remarkable energies in the compilation of another even more voluminous work, under direction of Dr. Murray. We had thought, perhaps, that the Century Dictionary would satisfy the thirst of English students for years to come. When Dr. Johnson originally gave meaning to 45,000 words, and Worcester and Webster to 125,000, the Century brought the figure up to 225,000, presenting, apparently, every possible phase of meaning to every word in the language. The Standard, however, is to add 75,000 more words to this, and what the new English dictionary will do to no one can tell. It has been appearing in parts for several years, and has only just finished with the letter C. At the rate at which dictionary progress, however, it may be necessary, by the time the alphabet is finished, to begin over again. An English scholar, to whom the cheering news was recently imparted, wrote the following bright verses to Dr. Murray, as a congratulation upon the event:

"Wherever the English speech has spread,
And the Union Jack flies free,
The news will be gratefully, proudly read,
That you've conquered your A B C!
But I fear it will come
As a shock to some
That the red result must be
That you're taking to dabble and dawdle and dote,
To dullness and dumps, and (worse than those)
To danger and drink,
And—shocking to think—
To words that begin with a d—"
—Current Literature.

Bones of the Human Body.

There appears to be differing testimony as to the number of bones in the human body. Eminent specialists vary from 205 to 260, which is a most remarkable difference. The Hebrew physicians counted 248 bones and 365 ligaments, which division was believed to have relation to the 248 precepts of the Mosaic law that command and the 365 that forbid. The cranium consists of eight different bones. There are fourteen bones of the face, besides thirty-two teeth. There are four very small bones in each ear and one at the root of the tongue. Head, above neck, sixty-three. The spine contains twenty-four pieces, called vertebrae, and between these and the lower extremities are four bones more. There are twenty-four ribs and a breastbone or sternum down the middle of the front. That which is commonly called the body, fifty-three.

The upper extremity, including hands, arms, collar-bone and shoulder-blade, consists of thirty-two pieces on each side, and each lower extremity includes thirty bones, equal to 124; total, 240. We may add to this number the small sesamoid bones which are found in the thumbs and great toes of older persons. Of these there are often two in each large joint of each thumb. Adding these, we shall have for the whole number of bones in the human frame an aggregate of 248 bones.

The number of sesamoid bones varies greatly in different individuals, though nearly all adults have some of them. They are hardly larger than half a pea. Then some individuals have two or more supplementary bones in the skull called ossa wormiana. These are seldom larger than a small string bean. Besides all these, the breastbone and many other bones of the body are in young persons composed of several pieces, and some of them are not very strongly united even when older.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A Reform is Needed.

A writer in the *Lady's Journal*, in commenting on the story of the doctor's page introducing a patient as "Jones" instead of "Mr. Jones," upon the ground that he did not know he was married, contends that the boy was not to blame so much as our own lingual deficiency in the matter. Men ought to have a prefix, she says, which should indicate at once whether they are married or single. It would be more convenient, doubtless, for the feminine world, but some married men would not like this plan at all. The only chance they have of being received with civility by the other sex is this doubt of their eligibility for matrimony. The difference of treatment that a curate experiences in his new "sphere of usefulness" when it is discovered that he is a married man is said to form a great contrast with his welcome before that revelation takes place. It is wrong, of course, to permit oneself to be made much of, under false pretenses, even for a week, but the temptation must be almost irresistible. Moreover, though it is true the ladies have their "Mrs." and "Miss" to denote their connubial or celibate condition, there is nothing to indicate it in their epistolary communications: they persist in withholding this information from their correspondents, who consequently never know how to address them. Editors, of course, are constantly placed in this embarrassing position. It is safer, they tell me, to write "Mrs.," most women, unless they are advocates of female rights, prefer it to be supposed that some male has fallen a victim to their bow and

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spear, but others are most indignant at such a supposition. "You address me as Mrs.," wrote one of those the other day, "when I have been known here (and, curiously enough, she wrote from the Isle of Man) as a maiden lady for these sixty years; it is a most unprovoked and unwarrantable insult."—*James Payn in London News*.

True Friendship.

What! Have you given up going to the theater? Oh! no; only we are afraid just while these bomb outrages are about. So we have placed our box at the disposal of some friends of ours.—*Lustige Blätter*.

Farmer Oatcake—If you will saw this wood, I will give you a good breakfast. Indolent Ivers—Can't saw straight. Farmer Oatcake—There was a tramp here this morning who got a nice warm meal for sawing that pile out there. Indolent Ivers—Sir, you've been imposed upon; he was no tramp!—*Puck*.



INFLUENZA,

Or La Grippe, though occasionally epidemic, is always more or less prevalent. The best remedy for this complaint is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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A Mexican Vengeance.

"Amigo," said Pancho to me, as we lay in the bright, warm sunshine on one of those lofty, bald mesas overlooking the valley of the Pecos—mesas that though themselves mountains are but foot-hills to the craggy mass of the Guadalupe range towering behind them to the westward—"Amigo," said he thoughtfully, "in our country I think we are more jealous about our women than you colder-blooded Americans. We love more fiercely and are more cruel in our vengeance upon a rival. Dios! but I could tell you many a story of Mexico where love, and jealousy, and treachery, and blood made up the whole theme."

Far beneath us, dim in the summer haze, lay the billowy plains of that noble pasture-land, the ancient heritage of the buffalo and the Comanche, but echoing now to the tread of the Texas "long horn" and the cowboy halloo. A sinuous black line across the wide level marked the course of the cottonwood-shrouded river, while here and there an open stretch of water gleamed like a thin blue ribbon on the shimmering background of the Llano Estacado. At our breezy elevation on the smooth-topped, lofty mesa, the perfect silence was only broken by an occasional stamp from our horses, as with trailing bridles they cropped the crisp buffalo grass while we lay awaiting the approach of the herd.

Since the day that he had confided to me the shocking tale of the blood-stained gold, when he and seven others had ambushed a bullion escort in the mountains of Chihuahua, Pancho had become much more communicative than he had been hitherto. Perhaps he looked on me as a sort of accessory after the fact, as, in a measure, I was; but whatever the cause, certain it was that an attachment was growing up between us, recently cemented still more strongly by his having saved my life at the imminent peril of his own, in rescuing me from a band of torturing Mezcalero Apaches.

I knew that his adventures, when a member of a band of outlaws in Mexico some years before, were wild and thrilling; and eager as I was to learn more of them, I had long since discovered that he would never relate his reminiscences for the asking. One must wait patiently till the mood was on him, and then be careful not to interrupt him with too many questions. Thus it was that when he broke a somewhat prolonged silence with the words quoted above, I waited with a species of complacent anticipation for what was to follow.

"Fourteen years ago," he continued, "my cousin, Antonio Carrasco, was a wealthy landowner, living on his estate, the Hacienda de las Vinas, about twenty leagues from the City of Mexico. I was several years his junior, but we were fast friends, having been brought up together from boyhood. I was early left an orphan, and, at his father's death, he became my guardian. We had few differences, for his stronger will controlled mine in everything, and, where he led, there I followed. He had been married two years to a beautiful girl, one of the belles of Mexican society, but he had no children by her, a circumstance that he afterward had cause to consider as very fortunate. Her people had been strong Catholics, and she herself had made it a condition of her acceptance of his suit that she should be allowed to have her own way in matters of religion.

"From that understanding sprang the calamity that wrecked my cousin's life, made both of us outlaws, and brought him to a bloody death. For he it was who was afterward captain of our band of 'foresters,' and was massacred by the soldiers on the occasion of which I told you, when out of eight men I alone escaped alive. Carrasco himself was a Catholic, though he did not believe in having a priest always around the house; but he remembered his promise and made no objection, when, shortly after their marriage, Dona Ysabel desired a resident pastor on the estate to take charge of the spiritual welfare of its inhabitants. Thenceforward the sleek, smooth-faced Padre Pedro became a fixture of the house, gliding in and out like a spy, and admitted as father confessor at all times to the presence of its mistress. Of course I was a frequent visitor—in fact, almost lived at Las Vinas, where I was treated in every respect as a member of the family; and, during the two years of my cousin's married life, I never noticed the slightest circumstance to indicate a cloud on the matrimonial horizon. We had all become accustomed to the constant presence of the priest, yet I could never overcome a certain repugnance to him in spite of his unobtrusive ways.

"One morning I was startled by the sudden appearance of Carrasco at my house in town with pale face, set lips and bloodshot eyes. I knew these were the signs of one of his ungovernable outbursts of passion, and hastily, with some alarm, enquired what was wrong. He seated himself, and with a voice that he intended should sound natural, but which only succeeded in sounding hoarse and strained, he replied, 'I have been trying to invent some new way of killing two enemies of mine so that they shall not die too quick, and I think I have succeeded. Give me your opinion.' He then unfolded to me the details of a plan that made me shudder. 'But who are these enemies,' I enquired, 'who are to be punished in so horrible a manner?' 'Dona Ysabel and the Padre Pedro,' he answered coolly. He then explained to me that two days previously he had left his hacienda to visit a distant part of the estate, intending to be absent two or three days, but, on reaching the place, matters had not turned out as he had expected, and he had started homeward the same afternoon, shaping his route so as to pass by his sheep corrals. On reaching them, he dismounted, and, leaving his horse, advanced toward the dwelling of the shepherd, which was in a grove some yards in advance. As he approached the rear wall of the hut, he was astounded to hear the voice of Dona Ysabel, his wife, saying to someone words that she could not by any possibility have a right to say to anyone but her husband.

"He could not believe his ears, so he tried his eyes, and, peering through the small aperture in the wall that served as a window to the wretched hovel, he beheld his wife in the arms of the padre. The totally unexpected nature of such a surprise, together with the enormity of his rage, held him for a moment speechless, and the next moment he walked

quietly away, for during that pause it had flashed across his excited brain that simple killing would not be an adequate punishment for the guilty ones, and since he could have them in his power at any moment, it would be better to take time to devise some hideous and prolonged torture. Flinging himself upon his horse in an awful storm of anger, he slashed him with the spurs into a wild, frenzied gallop that lasted far into the night and until the poor beast fell dead with exhaustion. There, in the heart of a rugged mountain range, his tempestuous thoughts vanquishing all consciousness of the passage of time, daylight found him, and by sunrise he had regained his self-control, and had also matured his plans. Then he sought me, and we set out together to perfect them.

"In the loneliest part of the Sierra Madre, twenty leagues or more from the Hacienda de las Vinas, a mountain torrent roars through a narrow gorge whose perpendicular walls are several hundred feet in height. The rugged peaks crowding around are black and shaggy with pines, and one would think that no human voice had ever disturbed the awful loneliness. But men have lived there once; for in the stiff cliffs, high above the water, there are dwellings cut into the solid rock, and walled up in front, with window-holes looking down into the dizzy chasm. The Indians have a belief that a strange race of people made those caves, and walled them up to escape from giants who drove them there a thousand years ago, and that they died and left no descendants. It may be so, but I have seen other caves like them in the mountains of Chihuahua, with people living in them who are very small and black and very timid. When one meets them in the woods they run and hide.

"These caves in the walls of the gorge are about one hundred feet above the bed of the torrent, and the people who once lived in them must have reached them by long ladders from below; but one of them is much higher than the rest, not more than one hundred feet from the summit of the cliffs, and there is a narrow tunnel leading into it from a lateral canon where a torrent has cut a steep gorge half-way down the cliff. Carrasco and I journeyed there at once, after he had told me his plan, and we prepared the higher cave for the reception of the lovers, leaving there a bag of dried meat and a pig-skin full of water.

"The next day we returned to Las Vinas, where the lovers, unaware that they had been discovered in their crime, met us as though nothing had happened. Fearing that his wife would take alarm at the slightest change in his demeanor, Carrasco held himself under admirable control, and relaxed none of his customary attentions; though he informed her that he must depart again on the morrow to be absent several days. Accordingly, in the morning he bade Dona Ysabel an affectionate adieu, and I also departed as if for the city. We knew that the lovers would be eager to meet at their old tryst, and our plans were laid accordingly.

"Two hours later, we met in the grove near the shepherd's hut, Carrasco bringing two muzzos with him, who were in his pay and also in his power. All of us were mounted, and the muzzos each led an extra saddled horse. Taking a position commanding all approaches to the door of the hut, Carrasco awaited the hoped-for coming of the lovers, nor was he disappointed. They came on horseback, and, leaving the animals at the corral, entered the hut. Carrasco stole softly to the little back window and shortly afterwards turned and signaled us to approach. We moved carefully round to the doorway—there was no door—and entered in a body. The lovers were caught; they sprang to their feet and stood in silence—the priest trembling and craven, but the woman erect in her beauty, with scornful lip and flashing eye.

"Not a word was uttered until the injured husband, hoarse with passion, ordered them bound. When the muzzos had bound their hands behind them and were hurrying them into the grove toward the horses, I followed; but when I turned back to observe Carrasco, he had disappeared. Shortly after, when the captives had been firmly secured in their saddles with rawhide thongs that never stretch or break, two pistol-shots echoed from the distance. Ten minutes had passed when Carrasco appeared, and silently mounting his horse led off through the forest, the muzzos following, leading each a captive horse and rider, while I brought up the rear. He had returned to slaughter two herders, who had been posted by Dona Ysabel to give notice of the approach of anyone from the hacienda. He told me afterwards that he would have balked his own vengeance by killing the lovers on the spot, had he not sated himself somewhat with the blood of the herders, and that they richly deserved their fate for their baseness in betraying their master. Nevertheless, but for that act we would never have been outlaws, for it turned out that one of them lived long enough to put the authorities on our trail, and henceforth we were hunted men.

"Oward we rode, all the rest of that day and part of the night, sometimes on a gallop and again walking our horses over ground that was too rough for rapid travel. It was no easy ride, and to the captives, bound rigidly as they were, it must have been torture. Dona Ysabel was a graceful and accomplished horsewoman; but she was bound man-fashion in the saddle, and her suffering must have been acute, though she never uttered a complaint. As for the wretched priest, he made no attempt during the latter half of the journey to repress his groans and cries for mercy. But they awoke no pity in my breast, and I knew they were music to the ears of Carrasco. It was past midnight when we drew rein under the black shadows of the pines that shrouded the summits of those awful cliffs, and from far below us came the hoarse, sullen roar of the lonely torrent.

The captives were taken from their horses and Carrasco led the way, torch in hand, down the steep side of the lateral gorge, where it was necessary to pick one's way carefully between masses of loose rock and bunches of malevolent cactus. Presently the torch and its bearer disappeared into the mouth of the low tunnel leading to the cave-dwelling, and the muzzos followed, pushing their weary captives before them. Soon we all stood in the narrow cham-

ber, but a few yards in length and two paces in width; Carrasco, with flaring torch, facing us at the farther end. Then the muzzos fell back, and the victims stood in the presence of their judge and executioner. For a moment he gazed at them with cold eye, and then he spoke: 'Lady and cavalier, I offer you a better apartment than the poor hut in which I found you this morning. Here you will be safe from the curiosity of all prying eyes, for no one will ever again interrupt you in your love-scenes. If you should feel hunger, there is meat; if you thirst, there is water. You will not feel lonely, for you have each other's company, and before I go I will join you together till death do you part, though, in faith, I'm no priest.' With that he drew from his pocket two iron collars, with hasps and padlocks, joined together by an iron chain one foot in length, and, as they stood before him stupefied with horror, quickly clasped and locked one round the neck of each, leaving them face to face and so closely united that the slightest movement of one of them entailed a corresponding movement of the other.

"During the whole scene neither of them uttered a word, though the eyes of Dona Ysabel flashed and her lips curled with contempt as she glanced at her lover's trembling knees and terror-haunted face. We fled out of the cave, Carrasco coming last with the torch and leaving the lovers to darkness and slow death, and, as the hoarse, distant voice of the torrent sounded through the entrance, I shuddered to think that as they suffered through the long hours awaiting the coming of the end, that muffled sound would be all that was left to them of the world without. Uttering our efforts, we closed the mouth of the tunnel with a huge bowlder, and left the place forever, Carrasco leading the way in gloomy silence."—P. C. Bicknell in The Argonaut.

A New Brunswick Miracle.

The Terrible Experience of a Well-Known Gentleman

So Badly Crippled with Rheumatism that He was Helpless as an Infant—How He was Cured—A Lady Relative Also Restored to Health.

From the Richmond, N.B., Review.

The attention of The Review having been called to two cases in Kingston in which it was alleged remarkable cures had been effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter was sent to interview the parties named, and find out whether the cures were really the result of the use of Pink Pills. Mr. Samuel Barnes, who formerly resided in Dorchester, N.B., and who removed to Kingston, Kent Co., some time ago, was first interviewed, and asked whether the reports concerning his illness and his recovery from the use of these pills were true. He expressed himself willing to add his testimony to the many he saw in the papers concerning the wonderful cures effected by Pink Pills, and hoped his story might be the means of bringing relief to others. We give his story as nearly as possible in his own words: "I was first attacked with acute muscular rheumatism in March, 1891. I was then living in Dorchester. For three months I lay in bed unable to move hand or foot, more helpless than an infant. The joints of my arms and legs were much swollen, and my hands and fingers twisted almost out of shape. The physician who attended me bandaged my limbs and in every way attempted to give me relief, but without effect. Two other doctors were called in consultation, but could do nothing for me. I was told by a friend who called to see me of the wonderful cures reported to have been effected by the use of Pink Pills, and I resolved to cast aside doctors' medicine, and give the pills a trial. When I had about half finished the second box I began to feel slightly better. After taking four or five boxes I was able to get out of bed and walk around the house on crutches. I continued taking the pills until I had taken a dozen boxes, when I stopped for a time. I was then able with the help of crutches to get out of doors and around. I have since continued taking them, and continued taking the pills, and have continued to improve, and hope soon to be entirely cured. Mr. Barnes is a gentleman of education, whose statements will carry weight. The writer remembers when Mr. Barnes first came to Kingston he was forced to use crutches, and was unable to get around only with great difficulty. He is now able to move around using only a cane, and apparently without any difficulty. His hands and fingers, however, still bear traces of the severe suffering he has undergone.

His sister, Mrs. John Taylor, was also a sufferer from muscular rheumatism. She was first attacked by the disease eight years ago, and at that time it was only with great difficulty she was able to move around. Doctor's medicine did not help her, and she tried all kinds of so-called cures for rheumatism, but they appeared to do her no good whatever. Through the advice of Mr. Barnes and with the consent of her physician, she began taking Pink Pills last fall. By the time she had finished the second box she felt decidedly improved. She has now finished her fourth box, and is apparently as well as she ever was. She said she was perfectly willing that the public should know that she was a firm believer in the efficacy of Pink Pills. The improvement wrought by the use of the pills in the case of Mr. Barnes had first induced her to give them a trial, and she was now satisfied that the pills possessed wonderful curative powers.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or a debilitated condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Tommy—I say, Mr. Yabsley, sister Laura said at the table this morning that she thought you had the prettiest mustache she ever saw. Yabsley—You ought to tell that to the fellow at the table, Tommy. Tommy—But she is going to give me a penny for telling you.—Tit-Bits.

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THE GREAT
TAKE THE BEST
COUGH CURE
RESPECTABLE
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.
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THEY POSSESS TWO PROMINENT ADVANTAGES.

FIRST. The lengthened base keeps the dress from wrinkling. SECOND. The curve made just at the back of the hook effectually prevents any part of the dress becoming unstitched. Within a few months nearly every intelligent lady in Canada and the U. S. will be using Prym's Patent Reform Hooks and Eyes.

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A Good Showing.

The Independent Order of Oddfellows has issued its annual report, which shows the order in Ontario to be in a most flourishing condition. Eleven new lodges have been instituted in Ontario during the year, and when it is considered that the Oddfellows employ no paid agents and that growth is purely spontaneous, J. B. King, the Grand Secretary, seems justified in congratulating the fraternity upon the showing made. There are now 254 lodges in the Province in healthy working order, and the Grand Secretary states that there was greater growth in the number of lodges and in membership during 1893 than in any year since 1879.

Temporary Change of Lodgings.
At Monte Carlo a gambler had won the maximum at Rouge et Noir three times in succession.

"There's a fellow running off with a splendid haul of bank-notes!" said a spectator.

"Oh!" carelessly interjected the croupier, "that makes no difference to the bank. It is merely a bit of our money sleeping out for the night!"—Le Petit Nicols.

The Fly in the Ointment.
Author (to his wife)—Rejoice, oh! wife of my bosom; I have gained a prize of 500 marks for my latest effort.

Wife—Which article was it?

Author—Oh! that essay of mine, The Defects of a Wife: a Study from Nature.—Wiener Figaro.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Even if they only cure

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Pale Faces

show Depleted Blood, poor nourishment, everything bad. They are signs of Anæmia.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, enriches the blood, purifies the skin, cures Anæmia, builds up the system. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
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LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

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Ginger Ale, Etc.

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Symington's Edinburgh Coffee Essences

Are useful to anybody at any time anywhere, and are sold in large and small bottles by the leading grocers throughout the world.

Music.

NOW that the Massey Music Hall is rapidly approaching completion, the question of what is likely to be done regarding a suitable organ for this representative Canadian concert-room is being freely discussed by our local organists. Such an organ as is suggested in the specifications which are being prepared by Messrs. Warren & Son would, if erected, become one of the greatest attractions our city could possess. I have carefully studied the plans of the proposed instrument and feel convinced that the effect of such an organ in the hall for which it is being designed would not be surpassed by any instrument on this continent. The amount it is proposed to spend for this purpose is \$25,000, a sum which would enable the builders to supply an instrument which should at once be a monument to the skill of our native organ builders and a standing advertisement to the city. A series of regular Saturday afternoon recitals by our resident organists, with occasional recitals by visiting concert performers, would create for the Massey Hall a renown in this respect similar to that enjoyed by St. George's Hall, Liverpool, which is perhaps best remembered by tourists on account of the magnificent organ it contains. A music hall without an organ is much like a man without a soul. There is, of course, no difference of opinion as to the desirability of this city being provided with an organ such as has been mentioned, nor can there be two opinions as to the good influence which might be exerted upon the cause of music in this province through regular recitals upon so noble an instrument. At present the question which is most agitating the promoters and well-wishers of an organ scheme is how to provide for the necessary funds. There is a general belief that the erection of the instrument will depend entirely upon the possibility of Mr. Massey awarding the contract at his own expense, unless, indeed, the unexpected happens and some wealthy philanthropist, not at present suspected of any such designs, should offer to provide for the equipment of the building with an instrument worthy of the city and thus complete the Music Hall, which without its organ would be almost as barren and uninspiring as the Horticultural Pavilion.

The second quarterly concert for this season of the Toronto Conservatory of Music was held on Monday evening last in Association Hall. As is usual on the occasions of these popular events, the hall was crowded to the doors by an enthusiastic and critical audience who gave unmistakable evidences of their appreciation of the excellence of the programme presented by the pupils. The pianoforte department was represented by pupils of Messrs. Fisher, Harrison and Tripp; the organ department by pupils of Mr. Vogt; the vocal department by pupils of Signor and Madame d'Auria, Mrs. Bradley, Miss Denzil and Mr. H. N. Shaw. Violin pupils respectively of Messrs. Bayley and Signor Dinelli, and representatives of the School of Elocution also assisted in a programme which gave unqualified pleasure to those present. The following pupils took part: In the pianoforte department, Misses Brown, Grandridge, Combe and Butland; in the organ department, Misses Peiry and Doble; vocalists, Misses Mortimer, Dewart, Caswell, Ratcliff, Laidlaw, Gann, Findlay, and Medames Jury, Parker and Wilson-Lawrence. The string department was represented by Misses Lena M. Hayes, Lillian Norman and Ethelind G. Thomas, who with Signor Dinelli, their instructor, gave a thoroughly artistic performance of the Allegro from Mozart's 19th string quartette. Master Willie Anderson, a talented pupil of Mr. Bayley, played the Andante from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in a manner most creditable to himself and his master. Miss Tine Dwyer contributed a reading in excellent style, the concert as a whole being an admirably carried out and enjoyable event.

The cause of music throughout Canada this season is on the whole progressing favorably despite the stringency of the times. Gault's Holy City was recently produced in Hamilton by the combined Presbyterian choirs of that city. The first concert of the London Choral Society for this season was signaled by the performance of Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise and a miscellaneous programme of orchestral selections by the London Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Roselle Puccini conductor. On Wednesday evening of last week Haydn's Creation was performed in Montreal by the Philharmonic Society of that city. Prof. G. Couture conductor. This society has already given the Messiah this season and has arranged a comprehensive series of programmes for the annual festival to be held on April 17, 18 and 19, when four concerts will be given. The first of these will be devoted entirely to Grieg's works, including two cantatas and several orchestral selections. The second concert will be composed of orchestral numbers by French composers and several vocal solos. The third concert will be devoted to selections from Mendelssohn's works, including the King Blas Overture, Scotch Symphony and The First Walpurgis Night. A Liaz Concerto for piano and orchestra, Arthur Friedheim soloist, will also be given. The fourth concert will constitute a landmark in the history of Canadian musical enterprise, inasmuch as a complete Wagnerian opera, The Flying Dutchman, will be produced in concert form. For the festival performances the Boston Festival Orchestra of thirty-three performers has been engaged to assist the local forces. The society's chorus numbers two hundred and seventy-five voices. From the prospectus and programmes of the society which have just come to hand, it is evident that the committee in charge of the arrangements have considerable faith in the loyalty of the Montreal people in supporting schemes which probably involve greater expense than has yet been undertaken by any permanent organization in our country.

The Mendelssohn choir of Montreal, Mr. Joseph Gould conductor, which for many years has occupied an honored position among the musical societies of Canada, is likely to disband

this season owing to the retirement of Mr. Gould. In the department of unaccompanied part-singing this choir had established a renown which was not confined within the limits of our own Dominion.

Mr. Arthur T. Blakeley, the energetic and popular organist of Sherbourne street Methodist church, is arranging for his approaching recital on Saturday next, which, by the way, falls on St. Patrick's day, a programme of Irish music specially arranged for the organ in the form of transcriptions, etc., by Mr. Blakeley. Besides a number of the best known airs so dear to the heart of every Irishman, Mr. Blakeley will honor the memory of Balfe and Wallace by performing the overtures to The Bohemian Girl and Maritana.

Madame Clara Asher Lucas, formerly of Toronto, wife of Mr. Clarence Lucas, the well known Canadian musician now resident in London, Eng., gave a very successful pianoforte recital in Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, on the 20th ult. Mrs. Lucas has developed into a thoroughly artistic concert performer, a fact which is being recognized in London, where upon the occasion of her recent recital, which was under the direction of Mr. N. Vert, every seat in the house was sold, the audience being a representative one, including among others Sir Charles Tupper, one of our own Canadian knights. Mrs. Lucas' programme embraced compositions by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Weber, Lucas, Heymann, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Ashton, Dvorak, Liszt and Saint-Saens. The enthusiastic reception accorded her by the critical audience furnished gratifying proof of the excellence of her playing.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's sixth organ recital for this season was given on Saturday afternoon last before an appreciative audience of organists, students and music-lovers generally. The excellent programme arranged for the occasion by Mr. Fairclough was, as in the case of its predecessors, interpreted in a most scholarly manner. No more comprehensive series of recitals has ever been given in this city. It would be difficult to suggest programmes more worthy of the King of Instruments or better calculated to exert a wholesome influence upon the cause of organ music in Toronto, than those contained in Mr. Fairclough's recitals during his residence here.

The following letter concerning the question of vocal culture has been received:

DEAR SIR.—A letter from Mr. T. Littlehales in your last issue airs the same old musical chestnut that, because a man knows how to play or sing he is entitled to speak *ex cathedra* on musical subjects, while others must accept his dictum without presuming to have any opinions of their own. Now, in my somewhat varied experience, I have known a good many who belonged to the musical profession, and I have found that a knowledge of musical notation and a certain knowledge of musical composition is all that most of them possess. Of the scientific side of music few know anything, but without such a knowledge a teacher of singing is working in the dark. There are three essentials, without a correct and complete knowledge of which no one is fit to be regarded as a teacher of singing. They are, a knowledge of the physiology of the vocal organs; a knowledge of the art of producing and retaining the breath; and a knowledge of orthoepy, and this knowledge must be combined with a capacity to explain them intelligently. Yet I doubt whether more than three per cent. of the so-called and self-styled teachers of singing know anything of all or any of these. It was because the teachers "of a hundred years ago" did know these things that they founded a school of rational and scientific teaching, and it is because the "teachers" of the present day do not know, and apparently do not care to learn, anything about these matters that we have comparatively few singers produced outside of Italy. It is from a consciousness of its superiority that we see teachers of singing advertising that they are the possessors of "the old Italian method," a claim which, in nearly all such cases, it would not be safe to characterize.

Yours truly,
A. Bisset Thom.

Galt, March 5, 1894.

More recent accounts of St. Saens' musical setting to Sophocles' Antigone convey information which is most interesting to students of music. The result of his labors is particularly remarkable, more from an archeological than a musical point of view. The orchestra employed is more limited and, considering the purpose St. Saens had in view, more consistent in its scope than was originally stated in several exchanges of some weeks since, and the whole structure of St. Saens' symphonic score is as true to the musical ideas of the ancient Greeks as modern ears would tolerate or our meagre knowledge of the musical praxis of the classical period represented in Antigone would permit. Mendelssohn's beautiful music, which is more in touch with the musical spirit and sympathies of our own times, will, however, be likely to remain the most popular of existing musical settings of Sophocles' ancient drama.

Stainer's Crucifixion will be given by the choir of the Church of the Redeemer under the direction of Mr. Walter H. Robinson on Tuesday, March 20, the Tuesday before Easter. This beautiful work, one of the most successful compositions of a prominent contemporary English musician, will doubtless attract a large audience on the occasion of its approaching production by Mr. Robinson's excellent choir. A silver collection will be taken at the door to defray expenses.

With characteristic enterprise the well known music firm, Whaley, Royce & Co. of Toronto, were strongly in evidence at the recent sale of the estate of I. Suckling & Sons. They bid for everything valuable that was in sight; secured between two and three hundred of the best copyrights and plates, as well as the entire retail stock. The famous Peters' edition and many other editions, especially valuable in the music teaching profession, were bought, beside a host of songs and studies by the most noted composers. All this, added to the regular lines carried by Whaley, Royce & Co., will make their collection of musical merchandise one of the largest and best in Canada. It is a collection now particularly attractive to the profession.

The Young Men's Liberal Club have arranged an excellent programme for a concert to be held in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening next,

the net proceeds of which are to be presented to a fund for the unemployed of the city. As will be seen from the list of artists who have volunteered their services for the occasion, the concert promises to be one of the best held in the city this season. The following talent will participate: Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Knox, Miss Matthews, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, Mrs. Blight and Miss Stevenson of Guelph, and Messrs. Henry M. Field, H. Klinsgenfeld, Rudolf Ruth, J. W. Bengough, H. M. Blight and Master Willie Anderson. Through the kindness of the officers of the Queen's Own the fine band of the battalion will also take part under the direction of Mr. Bayley.

Miss Dewart, a vocal pupil of Mrs. Bradley, has recently held several engagements in different parts of the province and with uniform success wherever she has appeared. The Port Perry press speaks in unqualified terms of praise concerning her singing at a concert held in that town last week.

The Massey Musical Festival is announced for June 13, 14 and 15. At a joint meeting of the contractors, architect, and the Festival Board held on Monday last, satisfactory assurance was given by the architect that the building would be in readiness by June 1st. The soloists for the festival will be selected in a few days, the orchestra begun rehearsing for the series of concerts this evening, and the chorus take up the study of Mr. Arthur E. Fisher's cantata, The Wreck of the Hesperus, at their next rehearsal. The Toronto Orchestral School, which also takes part in the festival, began the rehearsal of their selections on Monday evening last. The presidency of this School has been accepted by Mr. W. E. H. Massey, an excellent appointment by the way. Mr. Cringan's monster chorus of school children, one thousand strong, are also hard at work upon the programme for their special concert during the festival. Mr. Cringan informs me that he expects the forces under his control to render an excellent account of themselves on this important occasion.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp's new society of male voices have settled down to steady work in preparation for their first concert, which is to be held in May. The quality of the chorus is said to be remarkably good. A few vacancies for second tenors and basses still exist, which the conductor is desirous of having filled as early as possible.

It is stated on what appears to be good authority that there are in New York at present, as nearly as can be estimated, "2,762 sopranos anxious to fill the thirty-one places to be vacated May 1, 3255 mezzo-sopranos and contraltos to jump into twenty-eight alto vacancies, 296 tenors to secure fifty-four positions, and 2,813 baritones and basses to hold up the pedal end of twenty-six choirs." There are likewise 2,694 male organists and 448 female organists ready to scramble for vacancies existing in twenty-three organ lofts. Toronto is after all not the worst place in creation for the profession, judging from the above quoted statement of affairs in Gotham.

Mr. J. Lewis Browne, the gifted organist of Bond street Congregational church, has composed very effective and melodious settings for The Lord's Prayer, the Kyrie and Sanctus, which have been published by Edwin Ashdown, Ltd., 122 Yonge street. These clever little works can be recommended to the favorable notice of all our choirs and will, I trust, find a ready sale.

Merchant (to clerk applying for a situation)—On principle I only engage married men.
Clerk—Do you happen to have a daughter, sir?—*Lucy's Blatter*.

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Social and Personal.

Ven. Archdeacon Sandys, father of Mrs. Grace E. Denison, of SATURDAY NIGHT, and E. W. Sandys, editor of *Outing*, New York, died at his residence at Chatham on Monday night and was buried on Thursday. The late archdeacon was one of the pioneer Anglican clergymen of Western Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Waller of Dowling avenue have issued cards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Agnes Emma Waller, with Mr. Nathaniel Wade of London. The ceremony will take place on March 28, at 2.30, at St. Mark's church; reception at 67 Dowling avenue from 3 to 4.30.

Mrs. Henry Alley of Czar street gave a charming little tea on Thursday in honor of Miss Turner of Oakville. Amongst those present were: Miss Mason, Miss Amy Mason, Miss Maudeville Merritt, Miss Bond of Guelph, Mrs. Gibson Cassels and Miss Ina Brodie.

Mrs. James Smith of Rosedale is visiting Miss Allan at the latter's delightful country nest, The Hill, Cobourg.

Miss Blackburn of Glencoe has returned home after a protracted stay with Miss Case, and will be greatly missed in linguistic circles.

The pupils of the gymnastic class of the West End Y. M. C. A. gave an interesting athletic exhibition on Monday evening before a large audience. A musical programme was also rendered, and a delightful time spent generally.

Charity concerts have been numerous of late and as a rule the proceeds have been large. Two occurred on Tuesday evening, one in the Pavilion, at which Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Blight, Maud Alexander and Charles Fielding were the leading artists. The other on the same evening occurred in West Association Hall, with Mrs. McDonnell in the chair. Among those taking part in the programme were: Mrs. Hamby and Master Hamby, the eight-year-old alto, Miss Alice Klingner, Miss Leroy, Mr. J. M. L. Potts, Mr. Harrington, Master Austin Perry, and others. One of the prettiest features was the performance with dumb-bells and hoops given by Miss Maud Porter and her class of young ladies. Other charity concerts will occur next week, notably that to be given by the Young Liberal Club on Tuesday evening, March 13, notice of which is given on our music page, and the I. O. F. concert on March 15. The latter will be under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and the following will provide the programme: Mrs. M. Custer Calhoun of New York, Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Irene Gurney, Messrs. D. E. Cameron, Alex. Gorrie, Harry Rich, Barton and Hewlett. For sweet charity's sake all these concerts are being held, and the proceeds—in nearly every case the entire proceeds—are paid over to some reliable official for the relief of the needy. There is nothing that has such a demand upon the woman of society as a charitable enterprise.

A large number of the friends of the late Daniel M. Young of Belleville assembled on Sunday afternoon at the hospital in that town to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed. The service was conducted by Rev. J. L. George at 4.30, after which the body was removed to the depot and brought to Toronto on the early train on Monday. Mr. J. B. Young of this city, a brother of the deceased, was the only relative present and was accompanied in a carriage to the Belleville depot by Messrs. L. W. Yeomans, M. J. Hendrick, U. S. Consul, and James Little. The bearers were: Messrs. F. Lewis, Alf. Gillen, J. N. Doyle, Paul Lalonde, George Pearce and W. C. McLean, all of whom have associated with Mr. Young from time to time in musical matters. Many floral offerings were sent by the Belleville friends of the deceased.

The Misses Boulton of St. Vincent street gave a small musical evening this week.

Mr. James Langakill, who has been some weeks in Scotland, returned home on Monday.

The officers and members of the city lodges Sons of England Benevolent Society in Toronto will tender a banquet to the visiting delegates of their society in the Pavilion on Wednesday evening next.

Mr. J. C. N. Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy are visiting Winnipeg. Mr. Kennedy, who is a graduate of Kingston Military College and a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, it will be

remembered is a son of Colonel Kennedy, who died on his return voyage from Egypt, where he was in command of the Canadian Voyagers. Lieutenant Kennedy has made remarkable progress in the Royal Engineers, with whom he has been connected for the past eight years. He is now practically in charge of a division in England and enjoys the benefit of both a military and civil salary, and as this will be a permanency for five years he is to be congratulated on his rapid promotion. His Toronto friends will not forget his quiet and pleasant manner nor fail to remember the force of character which has contributed so much to his success.

The committee of the Royal Grenadiers' Assemblies have issued their invitation for their third assembly, Confederation Life Building, on Tuesday evening, March 27.

Mr. A. H. Campbell, Jr., of Carbrook, Queen's park, returned home from England last week.

Mrs. A. J. Secretan left for England with her husband on the New York on Wednesday.

Misses Carrie and Charlotte Chaplin of St. Catharines sailed on the S.S. Fulda on Saturday, March 3, for Genoa, for a five months' trip in Europe.

Mr. A. M. Burns of the *News* staff, a well known non-commissioned officer of the Queen's Own Rifles, left Toronto this week to become sporting editor of the Montreal *Herald*. Mr. Burns is a choice spirit and was to be found in all social gatherings, especially those of a semi-military nature. His letters from Ottawa last season were perhaps the brightest and most readable sent from Parliament.

Mrs. John Paton of St. George street gave a very pleasant dinner party on Tuesday evening. The table decorations, which were of pink and cream, were most artistic and pleasing. Among the guests I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carrie, Miss Paton, Miss Barr of Scotland, and Dr. and Mrs. Paton.

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ON THE EVENING OF

Tuesday, March 13

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Miss Stevenson of Guelph Miss Matthews
Miss E. Pauline Johnson Mrs. Blight
Harry M. Field Heinrich Klingensfeld
Rudolf Ruth H. M. Blight
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Lieut.-Col. Hamilton and Officers of the Queen's Own Rifles have kindly tendered the services of the Regimental Band for the occasion.

General Admission, 25c. Reserved Seats, 50c.

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Doors open at 7.30. Concert commences at 8.

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SHOWS THE FOLLOWING:

New Business issued	\$2,490,310
(Increase over 1892)	407,900
Gross Cash Income	257,840
(Increase over 1892)	45,525
Assets 31st December, 1893	775,728
(Increase over 1892)	137,671
Surplus on Policyholders' Accounts	104,198
(Increase over 1892)	30,922
Showing a total Insurance in force at 1st January, 1894, of	
nearly NINE MILLION DOLLARS.	
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TAKE the Oil from the Olive,
What is left?

A Residue. So with COCOA.
In comparison,
COCOA is Skimmed Milk,
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Mr. R. J. Rodger, who for the past eight years has been in the employ of Messrs. Ryrie Bros., wishes to announce that he is now connected with the J. E. Ellis Co., Ltd., and in his new position would be glad to attend to the requirements of his many friends.

A pretty audience turned out on Thursday evening to the Chalmers church concert in West Association Hall, at which Miss Agnes Knox was the leading attraction.

Same Man.

A prominent merchant of Portland recently accosted a gentleman on the street with:

"Good morning, Mr. Bragdon, how is coal to-day?"

"Well," responded the other, "I am not much acquainted with the coal market, but I can ascertain the price, if it will accommodate you."

"I beg pardon," laughed the merchant, "I really thought you were Mr. Bragdon, the coal dealer. You certainly resemble him."

A few days later the merchant entered a street car, and seating himself beside a gentleman exclaimed heartily: "Well, Mr. Bragdon, I'm glad to recognize you to-day. I made a laughable mistake one day last week. I mistook another man for you, and addressing him very familiarly asked how coal was. He looked amused, and replied that he did not know much about coal, but would enquire, if it would accommodate me. Then I looked at him and saw that he was a perfect stranger."

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Elegance
Moderate Prices

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It was laughable, Mr. Bragdon, but he looked so much like you.
"Yea," responded the gentleman, looking more amused, "and I am that same party again."
The merchant recognizes no more coal dealers.

Illiterate Statistics.

A few men were discussing the progress of education in this country.
"You're doing a good deal of talking here," said one, "but I'll bet any man in this crowd a new hat that here in New York there are at least fifty thousand persons who can't speak a word of English."

The crowd was staggered at first, but recovered in a moment, and hat bets were made.

Then it was suggested that someone should go after the statistics.

"Before you do that," said the man very coolly, "I want to bet five dollars apiece all round that there are twice that number that can't read and write."

Again the crowd felt the pressure of a bluff, but it rallied soon, and every man who had a dollar put it up. The newspaper man stood to win eight hats and thirty dollars. The man to get the statistics was about to start.

"Hold on," said the man with the iron nerve, "I can tell you now who the first fifty thousand are."

"Tell us," was the unanimous command.
"Babies under one year," was the reply; "and under four years for the other one hundred thousand."—*Baptist Recorder.*

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Births.

HENDERSON—March 1, Mrs. D. Henderson—a daughter.
MARSHALL—Victoria, B.C., Feb. 22, Mr. P. H. Marshall—son.
WEBSTER—March—Mrs. (Dr.) T. F. Webster—a daughter.
FEATHE—March 5, Mrs. John Hugh Feathe—a son.
GALLEY—March 5, Mrs. W. E. Galley—a daughter.
DEWAR—London, March 5, Mrs. D. Dewar—a daughter.
BOYD—March 6, Mrs. H. O. Boyd—a daughter.
FRENKEL—Feb. 26, Mrs. L. Frenkel—a son.

Marriages.

HOCH—REDDITT—Feb. 25, Percy Hoch to Minnie Redditt.
GOODMAN—ROSS—At Inglewood, Feb. 25, Walter Goodman to Edith E. Ross.
SUTHERLAND—CURRIE—At Dresden, Feb. 25, John Sutherland to Bella Currie.
HENRY—REYNOLDS—March 5, Alexander Henry of Naperville to Mrs. J. Reynolds of Chicago.

Deaths.

ARMSTRONG—Feb. 23, David Armstrong, aged 52.
CASSIDY—At St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 9, Rev. James P. Cassidy, aged 50.
WHITE—At Willowdale, Feb. 28, Mrs. F. W. White.
BIRDSALL—March 1, William Birdsall, aged 64.
MAXWELL—Feb. 27, Rev. W. J. Maxwell.
ZIMMERMAN—At Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 21, Andrew Zimmerman, aged 44.
WELSH—At Richmond Hill, Feb. 27, John Welsh, aged 80.
BETHUNE—Feb. 27, Kenneth Charles Bethune.
WALKER—Feb. 25, James Walker, aged 69.
HAMILTON—March 2, Eliza Hamilton, aged 87.
GILCHRIST—March 3, Alexander & Gilchrist, aged 22.
BOURCHIER—At Boston, Feb. 27, Emma Bouchard, aged 68.
MITCHELL—March 4, William J. Mitchell, aged 30.
VIRTUE—March 3, George Virtue, aged 65.
YOUNG—At Belleville, March 3, Daniel M. Young.
ANDERSON—March 3, Marion Arline Anderson.
GALBRAITH—March 4, Jessie Hazel Galbraith, aged 3.
LOBB—March 5, Thomas James Lobb, aged 65.
COCKBURN—March 5, Emily Cockburn, aged 82.
SOULLY—March 6, John Soullly, aged 74.
WOODS—March 5, Robert James Woods, aged 32.
JEPHCOCK—March 6, Anna Jephcock, aged 60.
CORMACK—At Whitby, March 7, Mary E. Cormack, aged 28.

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